



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 29 – Number 4

August 2011

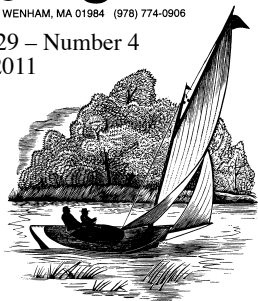
Special Features This Issue
Four Small Craft Messabouts: Cedar Key –
Lake Pepin – Starvation – Emerson Point –
New York's Naval Battalion
Judy Lane in Irish Waters – Part II



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Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries
or problems, contact:
Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

This issue features reports on several early season messabouts around the country. There were probably a lot more that took place but these are the ones we heard about from involved readers. They are all informal good times in small craft, mixing with like minded fellow small boaters and their amazing variety of mostly home built boats. Putting these reports into shape brought to mind long ago such events in which I participated. While I recalled some of them, the details were not always still in my memory banks so a look back into early 1983 issues was necessary to bring them to the fore.

The annual Small Craft Workshop at Mystic Seaport was the main event each year back then, it was where I got my first exposure to traditional small craft and found I liked them a lot. It was around 1979 when I first heard of it and journeyed to Mystic in high anticipation. I was not disappointed. That led to organizing a local traditional small craft club at the local Peabody Museum. I then began looking for other small craft gatherings ("messabout" was not a term in use then) and apparently found one on Cape Cod in 1980.

My recollection of this event was stimulated by a report on its 1983 successor in my July 1, 1983 issue. In that report I mentioned my 1980 experiences there, which I had pretty much forgotten. The 1983 report covered six pages (out of the then 16-page issue), which seems to illustrate the level to which my enthusiasm for such messing about in small boats had risen. I was still on the rising tide of enthusiasm for a newly discovered activity. Somewhat sadly, that level of enthusiasm is hard to sustain as the years add up, but the fact that I'm still here publishing this magazine nearly 30 years later suggests that the interest did mature and sustain itself despite the fading of that early discovery mode.

My six-page report in 1983 was entitled "Osterville Small Craft Meet" as it took place in that community on Cape Cod based at the Crosby Boatyard. The Crosbys were long time multi generational builders of famed Cape Cod catboats. A page of four large photos of small boats in action afloat led off. The facing page was entitled, "Amateur Boat Building... for the Love of It" and chronicled the Saturday evening sharing of experiences and viewpoints by the assembled participants.

Pages 3 and 4 were entitled "Gunk-holing... Around Osterville Grand Island" and reported on the Sunday morning outing on protected Cotuit Bay. Two photos and a large scale map illustrated this tale. It was here that I mentioned the 1980 event as it did undertake a more ambitious circumnavigation of Osterville Grand Island that year.

Pages 5 and 6 featured my report on George Kelly's mini dragger *Firefly*, which George, who lived in nearby Hyannis, had motored over to the gathering. George was a stalwart of the Cape Cod TSCA Chapter that sponsored the gathering and, as a long time confidant of the revered Pete Culler, had a stature that made it alright for him to bring a bigger than small (at 27' loa) boat powered by an outboard. The fact that he had designed and built the boat himself assured its acceptance. My only caveat about his boat was the outboard power rather than a small Diesel appropriate to the scale of the craft. Well, George was a consummate Yankee and the subject of cost loomed large in his choice of power.

In that 1980 "messabout" I rowed my first small craft, a 10' lapstrake flat bottomed skiff I had built in 1978 at a boat building course I took on Mt Desert Island, Maine, taught by a local builder who later built himself a replica of Slocum's *Spray*. I commented on my experience with this craft at Osterville as follows:

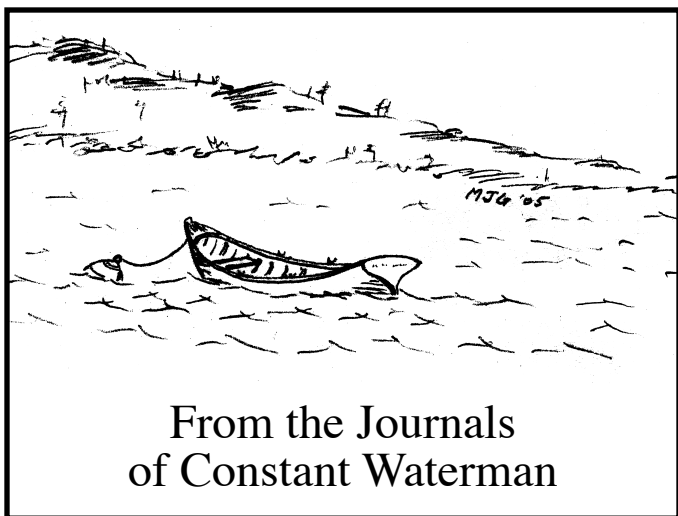
"The skiff was no expedition boat, stop rowing for a stroke and it would stop!" But it was a great feeling to complete that six mile lap..."

The skiff later was retired down behind the barn where it gradually filled with leaves over the years. It did enjoy a sort of enduring bit of fame when a poet friend of friends used a photo of it on the cover of her first book of poetry. There must still be copies of that book around!

What I sense when reading the messabout reports I get today is that early enthusiasm I once experienced. The same wide range of small craft appear with the same enthusiastic builders and users. Sharing a newfound activity with like-minded enthusiasts is a most rewarding experience. It's great to be able to pass on some of this enthusiasm to you some 30 years later.

On the Cover...

A barefoot young Frank Jordaens "monkeying around" (as his wife Fay put it) on his decked sailing canoe #35 off City Island, New York, in 1941. Frank was featured that year in a *Mechanix Illustrated* article that stated, "They are the sail canoeists, the craziest, racingest, wildest men afloat." Now here he is, 70 years later, again featured in a magazine, thanks to his wife Fay and her ongoing series, "My City Island Days."



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
(Stonington, Connecticut)
Copyright 2006 by Matthew Goldman

Lazed about Cuttyhunk Harbor yesterday morning 'til after nine aboard *MoonWind*, eating and scribbling. Finally underway at 0940. Outside the harbor I raised my rags, but the wind was on vacation. NOAA reported 12 knots with 4' seas at Buzzards Bay Tower, 5 miles west of here. I whistled and whistled, but that breeze was hard of hearing.

I motorsailed the 15 miles across Buzzards Bay to the mouth of the Sakonnet in Rhode Island. There the wind picked up and backed a couple of points, enabling me to turn off my motor and claw my way across the mouth of Narragansett Bay. To clear Point Judith I needed to motor a mile dead into the wind. Then I rode the flood tide into the mile-wide Harbor of Refuge under sail, and entered the channel to Point Judith Pond with a little breeze following after. I met the Block Island ferry heading out, but graciously avoided running her under. On the eastern jetty, generous people flung food to the fish by means of limber poles.

The wind turned weak and fitful. I started the motor, dropped the jib and stepped down into the cockpit just as the main decided to jibe. The boom struck me across the temple hard enough to cure me, almost, of daydreams. I sat for a moment to compose myself, retrieved my glasses and checked the knot on my head. It hadn't a chance of winning the eggplant derby. I grabbed the tiller just in time to slew about the next marker.

I lowered the main as I motored up the pond. The setting sun streamed through narrow rents in the cloud cover. I rounded Gardiner Island and set my hook at dusk. My only neighbor, a 32' Hunter sloop, rode quietly nearby. I secured and thought about supper.

This morning the pond spreads calmly. Dirty clouds begin to descend; the next two days will prove wet. The fellow in the small O'Day sloop to whom I spoke last week touted the breakfast served at Snug Harbor Marine. The mile and a half each way seems a bit of a swim. I tumble into my Whitehall pulling boat. I take my empty water jug, a towel, clean clothes and, to propitiate the dumpster god, my favorite bag of trash.

The half-hour row both relaxes and invigorates me. Living aboard a 26' sloop induces lethargy, except when I'm rail down and bending the tiller. I look forward to a good walk following breakfast.

At Snug Harbor Marine I tuck behind the fuel pier in the shadow of the harbormaster's shack. A stout wooden ladder, its lower rungs alive with bottom growth, ascends to the deck. Beyond the pier head

crouches a squat, block building, the grocery and café. I sit at the counter along with some local fellows and stuff myself with scrambled eggs and hash browns.

The locals discuss the gastronomic propensities of striped bass. As I'm a functional illiterate in piscation, I refrain from participation in their debate. To cover my embarrassment, I hide behind my corn muffin. After another coffee, I'm off to see what the waterfront has to offer.

A fish market, a lobster pound, a tackle shop, a head and a dumpster compliment the café. After testing the head and worshipping briefly at the dumpster, I follow the path that leads to the next marina. This boasts a ship's store (closed), a brokerage office (ditto), the quietest engine shop I've ever encountered and, look! Showers! Having bathed in my tiny sink the past ten days, I'm nearly ready to try something innovative.

The doors, normally requiring keys issued only to clients, are propped wide open. The cleaning crew has just finished and they've left the bathrooms open to air and dry. I scamper back to the Whitehall and row her around the piers to this marina. There's a vacant dinghy dock beside the ramp. Two fellows aboard a skiff at the pier teach their engine obscenities. The engine proves a slow learner; they need to repeat the words again and again.

"Mind if I tie up my barge?" I ask.

"Nope," says one of them, stopping to catch his breath. "You can see how busy it is. Pretty boat ya got there."

I casually sling my bag across my shoulder and nonchalantly ascend the metal gangway. There's no one about to challenge my right to be clean. I close myself in and take a long, long shower. There's more hot water than I've seen in a week and a half. I luxuriate beneath it for 10 long minutes. I towel off and put on all clean clothes. Now this is livin'!

I toss my laundry and shower kit into the Whitehall. It's time to explore. I saunter to the next boatyard where a smart looking steel trawler rests on the ways. Noise and fume identify the welding shop. I poke my head in the door, but 30 years working in metal shops have satiated my curiosity.

Just beyond, the dried out hulk of a wooden trawler languishes in a cradle. Her steel fasteners rust away, her planking splits, she hasn't paint enough left to cover a dinghy. Her useful days are memories of some fisherman who now spends his last years rocking on his porch in sight of the sea.

The next yard over is rather private; it's more a back yard than a boatyard. At the uttermost end of the pavement a 50' flattop Elco motor cruiser rests on blocks and poppets. She, too, is built all of wood. She's narrow and sleek and dynamic. Her elegant deckhouse gleams with brightwork panels, sparkles with glass. Her hull is dark blue, her vast mahogany transom glistens with layer on layer of varnish, but there's no name emblazoned across it. A youngish man and a woman not much older are working on her. The woman comes out of the pilot-house, wiping a varnish brush, and spots me below.

"Lovely old boat," I venture.

"Built in '47," she informs me.

"Same year I was commissioned," I reply.

"I bet you're in better shape," she chuckles.

"Long as I get caulked on a regular basis," I respond.

The Elco is getting launched next week. Soon as her topsides get two more coats of blue and her boot top stripe is renewed, the name goes across her transom. She's heading south to be chartered by her owners.

"You mean she's not yours?" I ask.

"Don't I wish," she answers. She looks ruefully at the stiffening varnish brush.

I leave her to her fun. She's a beautiful creature. The boat, that is. Now I notice her name in gilded, Gothic script across her front windows, *Queen o' Scots*. She'd belonged to a friend of my father for years and years. I'd been invited, at 17, to spend six months as her deck hand on a journey up the Hudson River, through the Great Lakes, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. I'd pleaded to go, but my father refused to let me forego biology and English.

Perhaps I'd have started these journals 40 years sooner.





You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Croton River Small Boat Get Together

The Van Cortland Ferry House on the historic Croton River in Croton, New York, is hosting a small boat get together August 7, 12-6pm. Participation is free to all exhibitors of wooden pulling boats, small car top sailboats, canoes and kayaks and their builders as well.

The Cortland Ferry House was a very important spot during the Revolutionary War, being on the Old Albany Post Road. It operated a rope pulled ferry for the coaches and wagonloads of commodities heading north and south in the Hudson River Valley. The restored site has extensive gardens and exhibits of barrel making and blacksmithing, as well as providing tour guides to the local historic area.

We're hoping for a good turnout. Floating the Apple has been there, as well as Rocking the Boat and the Peekskill Boat Shop headed by retired school principal Jim Taylor.

For details on all arrangements anyone wishing to participate can contact the Van Cortland Ferry House, Cheryl, at (914) 271-8981 Ext 1, or Althea, 525 South Riverside Ave, Croton-on-Hudson, NY 10520.

Pete Androsko, Yorktown Hts, NY

22nd Annual Wooden Boat Show, Georgetown, South Carolina

The Harbor Historical Association of Georgetown, South Carolina, will present the 22nd Annual Wooden Boat Show on Saturday, October 15, 2011 from 11am to 6pm. This year's show is sure to be the best ever and will feature one of the nation's premier wooden boat exhibits, a wooden boat building competition, children's model boat building, knot tying, maritime art and crafts, food and music. These events will take place on the waterfront and along Front Street in Historic Downtown Georgetown. Money raised through sales and donations will go toward the development of the Georgetown Maritime Museum. Admission is free to the public.

On Saturday, from 11 am to 6 pm, over 100 classic wooden boats will be displayed in the water, along the boardwalk and on Front Street. Vessels ranging in size from kayaks to yachts, will be exhibited in 11 categories: row, canoe, kayak, surfboard, sail, inboard power, outboard power, classic sail (built prior to 1960), classic power (built prior to 1960), owner designed and built and century class (100 years or older). Visitors will be able to meet and talk to wooden boat craftsmen, manufacturers and owners. Maritime arts, crafts and models will also be on display.

The Wooden Boat Challenge will begin at noon under the big tent on Broad Street. Two-man teams will race to build a rowing skiff within a four-hour time limit. At 5pm the competitors will test their completed skiffs for seaworthiness in a rowing relay across the Sampit River. The teams will be judged on speed of construction, quality of work and rowing ability. Cash prizes will be awarded to first, sec-

ond and third place winners. The Challenge is open to men and women, family teams, boat builders and woodworkers, anyone with a love for wooden boats and their construction.

Dan the Knot Man will return again this year with knot tying demonstrations for children and adults. Visitors will have an opportunity to test their knot tying skills in the "Six Knot Challenge."

Georgetown artist Angela Tiller will be on hand to sign 22nd Annual Wooden Boat Show posters. This year's poster features her original painting "Headin' Home" which portrays a South Carolina Flat Bottom Oyster Sloop, circa early 1900s, heading across Winyah Bay laden with the day's catch.

Posters, commemorative T-shirts and hats will be available at the "Ship's Store" on Front Street.

Other events include music by Blue Plantation, an acoustic string band specializing in a diverse variety of authentic musical styles including Bluegrass, Irish, Blues, American Folk, Country, and Jazz; children's model boat building, children can try their hand at building a boat model and then test sailing it in a pond on Front Street; a chance to win a 12' skiff with oars just like the one built in the Wooden Boat Challenge; and gig rows with the New Charleston Mosquito Fleet. Shrimp Creole and Cajun Gumbo will be sold at the Ship's Galley and hot dogs and popcorn will be sold at the Kid's Galley.

At 7pm an awards ceremony and banquet will be held for boat exhibitors, wooden boat building competitors, sponsors and guests. Prizes will be presented to the winners in each of the 11 exhibit categories, to the "People's Choice Grand Award" winner, and to the winning National Boat Building Challenge competitors.

Sponsorships for this year's show are available beginning at \$250.

The Wooden Boat Show is produced by the Harbor Historical Association, a 501(c)(3) tax exempt organization. For additional information contact:

Georgetown Wooden Show, PO Box 2228, Georgetown, SC 29442, (877) 285-3888 or (843) 545-0015

Website: www.woodenboatshow.com

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Activities & Events...

More on Dynamite Payson

We were touched reading the articles on Dynamite Payson, Hans was especially affected seeing the picture of Dynamite. We especially treasure that Dynamite gave us the plans for the Monhegan skiff, which ended up as my boat, *Fat Martha*. From a long ago now issue, Dynamite called Hans to thank him for the tribute to him and Phil Bolger in an article Hans wrote on our living on an off-shore Maine Island.

Well, because of Mr Instant Boats we built: nine Tortoise, three Elegant Punts, three Auray Punts, three Maine Coast Fish-

erman, one Monhegan Skiff, two Seahawks, one Bobcat, one Gloucester Rowing Dory, four Canoes/Kayaks and one Windsprint.

As Phil Bolger had said that his Gloucester Dory was his best work, early instant boat builder Hans built the Gloucester Rowing Dory (#1) in a garage in Chicago and later on after its completion brought it to our Cliff Island, Maine, summer house.

Martha Feehan and Hans Waecker, Georgetown, ME



Opinions...

Rescue at Hull

I read the May article "Lifesaving Rescue at Hull" by Jan Reddy with interest. It is absolutely great that the author and her crew saved the lives of five people, but what was missing from the article (and which the author probably didn't know) is just as important as what was written. How and why did a boat swamp, nearly drowning its occupants, in the middle of a regatta?

I looked at the Hull Lifesaving Museum's www.lifesavingmuseum.org and find articles about the event including, in the April newsletter, a list entitled "Deliberate Acts of Kindness" which includes "Paper goods and serving platters," but there is not a mention of the saving of five lives, or the incident at all.

Is the Hull Lifesaving Museum administration totally unaware that the accident occurred (unlikely, since Ms Reddy mentions that after the rescue the Fire Department, an ambulance, and the Coast Guard were all to be found at the ready, onshore)?

Was any person in the organizing committee responsible for safety? What rules were there which crews had to follow, and were they enforced by the organizers? Was the crew involved (they are not identified) part of a club, and how much safety training had the club provided? Did the crew have any bailers on board? Were they wearing life jackets? Why did they not stop racing and bring their boat head-to-wind when it started filling with water? Were there no chase boats keeping an eye out for crews in trouble?

It appears to me that there was significant neglect here. It happens time and again; sometimes people are lucky and are rescued, sometimes they drown. It will continue to happen until club and regatta organizers admit that watersports are not intrinsically safe and take responsibility for training those who are inexperienced. Never mind the irony that the organization in question is not a typical rowing club, but a Lifesaving Museum.

Peter R. Jepson, Newbury, MA

Editor Comments: Peter's comments were forwarded to the Museum but no reply was forthcoming.

Mediterranean Tragedies

I'm enjoying every issue of my first-year *MAIB* subscription, but there is one thing that really leaves me wordless. I don't know what Hugh Ware's sources are for his *Beyond the Horizon* column, but it seems to me that they lack in their self declared objective, that is looking "Beyond the Horizon".

I'm talking about that narrow strip of Mediterranean Sea that separates most southern Italian shores from North Africa. Over the last months up to 1,000 men, women and children have been lost forever while attempting to reach Lampedusa Island, the closest to Africa Italian territory. They left from Libya and Tunisia, but came from different African countries that are plagued by internal war, in the desperate search of a chance to a happy future (or just a future).

I haven't found a word about this in BTH. How is it possible that I can read of a fire that killed two workers in a dismantled ship in the Far East but can't find a line on a major tragedy going on in the middle of the Mediterranean?

My idea of BTH is that it should make clear the difference between "messing about" and "struggling for life" on the sea, was it fishing, trading, ferrying or migrating. But sometime I think that BTH has just to do with human prudence about accidents and death witnessing.

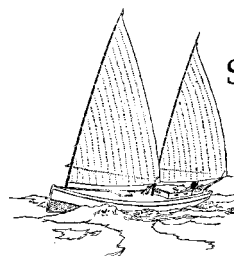
Stefano Gorda, Busto Arsizio, Italy

Hugh Replies

As you know, in each of my columns I try to survey the entire maritime scene of the past month. Illegal immigration is one subject that I often address, usually under the heading of "Imports". But the subject has caused me considerable anguish, there is so much illegal immigration and so little an individual can do about it. Even nations seem to lack humane and satisfactory solutions...

For several years I have, from time to time, noted the trans Mediterranean immigrations. But a major problem for me has been the behavior of Italian and Maltese authorities. There have been reports of maritime patrol vessels ignoring immigrant vessels in trouble, and even reports that patrol vessels may have, deliberately or otherwise, rammed such small craft. But the reports did not have hard facts that I could use, so I glossed over the subject or ignored it for the moment. However, my column in this issue addresses the subject.

Hugh Ware, Peabody, MA



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Paul Waggoner's SeaPearl Tri returns to the Island Place.



Bill Fite's Everglades Challenge SeaPearl Moon Shadow.



Meade Gougeon's Everglades Challenger Hot Canary.

Atsena Otie beach.



Steve Kingery's Rushton Princess sailing canoe.



Unusual Broad transomed cat rigged boat.



Simon Lewandowski's Goat Island Skiff, just completed!

Cedar Key Small Boat Meet

As Experienced by the Florida
West Coast Trailer Sailors

By Ron Hoddinott

Wow! What can I say about this year's Small Boat Meet at Cedar Key? First, I'd like to thank Ed and Becky Combs and Mark and Katie Stewart for encouraging us to do the cookout at Cedar Key again. Everyone just enjoyed it so much that it will have to become an annual event.

Second, the help you put into it was overwhelming. The number and quantity of food that you prepared and served was outstanding, from corn on the cob, to sliced onions and pounds and pounds of tomatoes, to salads and desserts! Brownies, cakes, apple and peach pie! Oh my! I didn't get to try everything... I couldn't have... but everyone was impressed.

Paul Waggoner, Mark Stewart and Ed Combs took care of the grills and boiling pots, Becky Combs and Joyce Van Deusen took the money and gave out wristbands and door prize tickets, Holly Bird sold tee shirts and Nick Lackey manned the used book table to help me out by thinning out my nautical book collection! Everything went off as planned.

Ed and Becky gave out Squadron Awards that were entertaining and fun to those members who deserved them. Bob Wood and Paul Waggoner received Life Memberships, Jose Rodriguez got the Popeye the Sailor award, Paul Myers received the Bouncing Betty award for worst landing at Cayo Costa, Mark Stewart got the Road Warrior award for driving so far for short sails, Dale Niemann received the Nice Guy award for well... being a Nice Guy! Ted Jean got the Hard Nosed SOB Award and Eric DeVoe received the Commodore's Award. After that Ed and Becky and Bill Wright of JSI gave out a TON of great door prizes! Thanks very much to JSI!!

And that was only Saturday evening! Out of the water Squadron members sailed from the many hotels and condos in the area, the Island Place, the Faraway Inn, the Gulf-Side Motel, Park Place, the Bed and Breakfast. We were greeted by a huge banner on the Island Place that said, "Welcome Small Boaters!" Now that's a reception one could come to appreciate!

One of the nice surprises of the event was the launch of Simon Lewandowski's new boat, a Goat Island Skiff. With huge lug rig, well cut by Doyle sails, this new boat was sailing all over the place Friday, Saturday and Sunday! Meade Gougeon sailed her from the Atsena Otie beach and declared her a "sweet-heart." That's high praise coming from the wizard of West System Epoxy! It's a good thing that the bugs weren't too bad or Simon may have had trouble picking them out of his teeth! That's OK, Simon... grins are good.

Another surprise was that Steven and Ginny Ladd appeared, flying in from Panama, where they left their Caribbean cruising SeaPearl to attend the event and also to visit Steve's folks in Washington State. They've been having an adventuresome time in Central America to say the least, but the boat has done a good job for them as a minimal cruiser. With all the gear and supplies they carry, their SP 21 draws 10" instead of the

usual 6"! Makes it somewhat more stable but somewhat slower perhaps. They plan to have some new sails and other gear made while they're in the US.

Meade Gougeon surprised me by bringing his EC boat Hot Canary to CK. I thought that he wasn't going to be bringing it but he did, and headed home to Bay City, Michigan, after leaving Cedar Key. I got to sail on the Hot Canary on Saturday morning for a few hours, and we flew the asymmetrical spinnaker on a fast broad reach between Way Key and Atsena Otie Key. Quite fun.

I didn't get as much time to photograph boats and talk to everyone as I usually do as I had to head into the beach to meet Bob Wood who was bringing four big tables up for the Cookout. Nick Lackey was taking him out to the islands when Meade was taking me back in, but Nick brought him back to unload the tables. By 2-3pm everyone was helping to set up the cookout and everything worked out perfectly! Thanks so much for the help!!

Saturday night we were hoping for a big crowd down at the hot tub at the Island Place, but only Dale and I soaked. I was pretty sore from carrying things and setting up. There was also a huge sense of relief that it had gone so well. I slept in Sunday and actually slept part of the day on Sunday, reappearing to look around for someone to go out to dinner with. Dale and Bob had gone home but Ernie Brown and Nelson Bennett were still down by the beach thinking about pulling their boats. I hung out with them and helped them get their boats loaded,

Later we met and went to a great grouper dinner at one of the finer dining establishments on the island (NOT the Big Deck). The evening found us at Jeff and Diana's room overlooking the beach at the Island Place with quite a few of the Tennessee and Georgia contingents of the WCTSS. Steve and Ginny Ladd were there also and we got to pick their brains about their trip around the Caribbean in *Thurston*, their SeaPearl. We found out that they'd been mugged in Honduras by street teens but only lost replaceable things. They recovered their passports along with their pretty much empty backpacks. And I thought I was adventurous!

Monday morning I met the remaining group at Annie's for breakfast and now have a new (better) place to eat breakfast at Cedar Key. Cheaper and better food than Cooks Cafe. A good trip and a great time. The planning begins for next year!

Wes White sailing his father's (Rob) felluca.



Two Yakaboo sailing canoes (7/8th size).



Preston Watters sailing CLC John's Sharpie Hull #1.



Satori, Terry Clement's refurbished Peep Hen.



West Coast Trailer Sailing Squadron's Cookout on Saturday.



Doug Cameron's Norseboat.



Dale Niemann sailing *Lively*, his Core Sound 17.



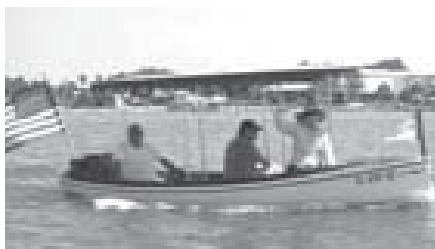


So many boats!

This year may have been the best ever. A front came through on Friday and cleared the air. It was cool and dry and the winds were good and out of the southeast most of the time so there were no waves to mess up the small boats and kayaks. I'm always surprised at how many of our Cortez locals don't go to Cedar Key but I guess that's good, 'cause the ones who are there all seem to think alike, relax and have fun.

And how many boats were there? I got lost with the sailboats and the kayaks and canoes were jammed all in between. A few notable were:

Jay's self-designed super sled *Haiku*. It looks a lot like Jan Gougeon's *Hot Canary* except it is way better 'cause it has cup holders, four of them in fact, and he built it himself in four months for a couple hundred dollars.



Cedar Key Notes

By Dave Lucas

lars. I'll give Peggy full credit for them, she knows what's important in a proper boat. If I can't sit my beer down without it turning over what's the point, even kayaks.

Crazy Steve's modified Windmill attracted attention because of its bamboo masts, makes a lot of sense if you think about it.

To view in full color some pictures from a real artist and photographer, Lenna Dem-Jay's *Haiku*.



ing, open the links below. In either a slide show or album format she shows us boats and a little of the town and some of the old house they stayed in. You'll see what I mean about counting boats. There are a million on the beaches and a million more out in the water moving around.

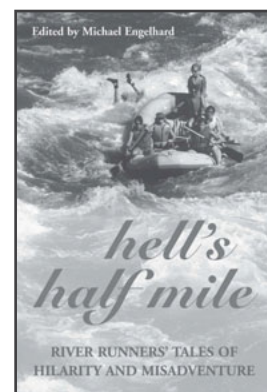
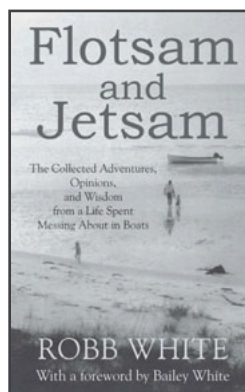
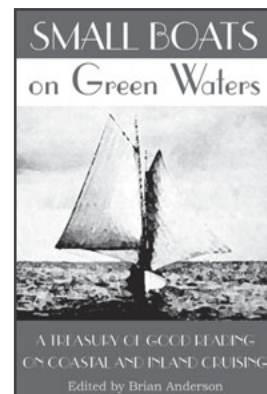
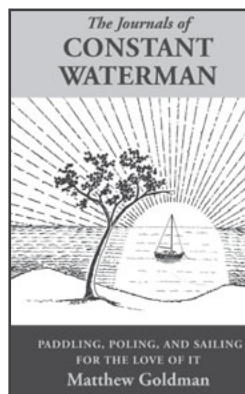
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Yes, I did sail, in my *Laylah*.



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Emerson Point Messabout

By Dave Lucas

We had a perfect messabout on June 18, great Florida weather, great water and an especially great group of boat nuts with 18 or 20 boats and a whole bunch of boaters. *Laylah* was a hit, everyone had a go in her. These Cortez melonseeds continue to impress me as being the best small boats in the world. They can't be hurt, they won't hit you in the head with anything and they're fast and responsive. Everything you could want. The two beautiful bright pointy kayaks are the last two that Sam built. Pat and Reesa make them fly with no effort.



Dave, Jane, Kathy and Oreo underway.



Carol prepares to sail *Laylah*.

Steve's tiny ketch.



Steve and Becky moving!

The sailing fleet.



A slick rowboat.



Sam's last two kayaks.



Al Stead's Weekender.



Arcebus.



Bob Craig's chugger.



Bob Fogt's Rodgrad Med Flode.

Brian and Sandy Weber's PDR.



Minnesota Messabout 2011

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan
Bill Paxton Photos

Lake Pepin has a lot more water this year. Where there was beach, there now is water, where there were landing sites, there now is water. Evidently the snow of winter decided to meander to the Mississippi. Personally, I blame the Canadians. Nevertheless, the wonderful gathering of Lake Pepin pirates met for the first weekend in June. Many old friends with old favorite boats and lots of new folks beaming with justifiable pride about their new vessels shared camping grounds, food, beer and blarney. The Minnesota weatherman kindly proffered a delightfully sunny weekend with a morning shining the lake like a mirror, but after a few cups of java and a couple of eggs the wind picked up providing excellent sailing conditions.

Being the resident scholar, historian and dimwitted elder, I launched my West Wight Potter #1183 at the city landing. The Minnesota DNR was present to tender a prodigious lecture on the problems of flora and fauna occasionally found in the Mississippi and which should not be accidentally transported to other waters within the state or elsewhere. This kind fellow, recently graduated from one of Minnesota's finest colleges, had the boats backed up about 8' deep at the landing and he had many an impatient fisherman chomping at the bit.

When my turn came I discovered that the landing was at about a 45° angle to the parking lot, which meant that backing down in a straight line was impossible. While the anglers whined and complained, I made three attempts to back down the ramp. Finally I got the boat into the water to the howls of the carp catchers. My mast was taller than the limb of an overhanging oak tree and it was now curved into a beautiful "C." The worm killers loved it. Ha ha, "Bent yar mast, eh?" they asked humorously. I silently took the Lord's name in vain, questioned their ancestry and mentally muttered murderous thoughts.

The Minnesota Messabout is a collection of wooden boat builders whose expertise is unquestionable. My mast was rapidly straightened out compliments of their knowledge and a couple of big butts and a picnic table. The rigging had to be tightened but all was well with this elderly Irishman and his pet boat.

Among the highlights of the event was the Erickson's newest creation appropriate with the highest level of craftsmanship possible. Tom and Gabe are the type of people who transform boat building into an art form. Their rivals in the craftsmanship arena were Al Stead's *Jumping Duck*, a Stevenson Weekender and Jeff Ward's scaffie. Stead even built his own wooden blocks that reflected the sun nicely with a bright glossy varnish. The phrase "Bristol fashion" certainly came to mind. Ward's scfie also was an object d'art.

Kenny Giles, Mitch and Whitney Longtin, Brian and Sandy Weber and Gary Vander Hart all added PDRs to the flotilla. Steve Lewis, an Iowa boat designer, had his *Thun-*

derbird. Old Doc had his bent mast Potter *Genny Sea*. The Lake Pepin Pirates were en masse on the lake spotting the waters with a plethora of colors, shapes and sail types. It really was something to see.

As a group we usually concur on our dislike of all things jet ski; however, this year we added another assemblage to our Wanted Dead or Alive (preferably dead) list: Big honking cruisers driven by beer guzzling dolts and their Legally Blonde girlfriends. We were quietly and peacefully sailing along with enough water for all sorts of sailboats, fishermen, party barges, commercial towboats and barges when five very large cruisers racing each other side by side downriver descended upon us. It was a veritable 200' wide cloud of roaring engines and massive waves. Forget the rules of the road and right of way, these guys came straight upon us with a "damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead" right through the fleet of little wooden boats. The wake behind these dorks was like a tsunami that gave us all a white-knuckled grip on the tillers. Mississippi Bob Brown pointed his finger like a gun at them and made silent little shooting gestures at each of them, a gesture that was similar to mine but I used a different finger and it was vertical instead of horizontal.

The stiff breeze quickly brought us back to the pleasures of sailing and we suffered only the indignation of an occasional fisherman with twin 250s running full blast to the next hot fishing spot. Full sun only added to the joys of the day.

The annual potluck Saturday evening of the messabout was as good as ever. Chicken, shrimp, cold meats, sundry salads and Danish gelatins, finished off with various cakes and cookies were the culmination of a great day. The camaraderie of fellow sailor and small boat aficionados is an experience unto itself. I personally enjoy the visiting, comparing of notes, the telling of tales (all of which are absolutely true) and the sharing of food and drink the best. A day with the likes of Commodore Bill Paxton, Mississippi Bob Brown, Steve Lewis and the rest of the gang is heavenly.

I must, however, beg the forgiveness of the group for the "my story is better than your story" exchanges on Friday night between a former naval person of questionable nautical abilities and a former jarhead of Navy's little sister service, the US Marine Corps. Bob Craig is a former Marine linguist and I am a former Navy linguist who brags about being the worst linguist in the history of the Defense Department and successfully avoiding any semblance of military service during my four-year enlistment.

This year I decided to attempt camping, a task last endured in 1972. A new tent, air mattress and a cook stove were cheaper than one night's stay at an area motel (tourist rates predominate). I found that sleeping on a mattress in a tent is much better than the open air and on the ground sleeping of my youth. My sundry medications went down nicely with a gulp of brandy straight from a new flask. I thoroughly enjoyed the idea, although my efforts at cooking breakfast remain questionable. At least a hot cup of instant coffee was great at sunrise, about four hours earlier than my usual breakfast. But being the intrepid old professor, I managed to forget a goodly lot of my equipment and shoes at the campground. Needless to say, the campground's officials found nothing later. My wife just shakes her head. After 40 years I can do nothing that surprises her.



The Erickson's *Blakenseka*.



Mississippi Bob's *Nancy Lee*.

Jumping Duck.



Sunday is celebrated with a sail across Lake Pepin to dine and talk in Stockholm, Wisconsin's beautiful outdoor Scandinavian restaurant. Buckets of hot coffee precede enormous quantities of Swedish pancakes, bacon or sausage and various breakfast delights. Newbies meander over to the Amish furniture store or antique shop. Messabout veterans seemingly follow their noses to the bakery where rye, wheat and other breads are steaming. Spending our children's inheritance on an assortment of rolls is mandatory. One must beware of Commodore Bill Paxton, who has been known to sail away with other people's baked wonders. He still owed me for a loaf of Scandinavian rye bread. I forced him into purchasing a pre-breakfast roll as penance. A quiet sail back to Minnesota is refreshing and provides a worthy farewell to our messabout mates.

This year was noted for lots of new faces and lots of new boats. Each year is better than the last. I can't wait until next year.

Jeff Ward's *scaffie*.



Mitch and Whitney's *PDR*.

Steve Lewis' *Thunderbird*.



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Steven, Cade and Tanner admire Cade's new boat.



Jon rigs Ladybug.

Fleet's out.



Starvation 2011

By Jim Thayer
(Colbran, Colorado)

As always, we had fabulous weather. It was cool enough that we could revel in the warm sun with enough cloud so that the sun did not become oppressive. There was enough breeze to give the lake surface visual interest and temper the display of epidermis, despite which there were a few pink spots. This particular breeze, known locally as the Nicholson Snorter, has hung on the last two years despite Nicholson having gone off to Port Townsend.

With the Gales also decamped to P.T., the GMB grandkids had the beach all to themselves. Far beyond the plastic shovels and dinky pails of yesteryear, they now operate with full scale shovels and big buckets, moving serious sand.

To get started on my alibi, I will note that this has been one of the cloudiest, rainiest Mays on record. All that carefully cultivated climate stuff about Banana Belt is headed for the tubes. Since this valley is underlain by Mancos Shale which, when wet, is slicker than greased goose gunk, I was unable to get out to the patch to get the Swooper Duckah, let alone set up the Super Dink. Sigh! Luckily Tanner had his Swooper D. in the garage out in Fruita for oarlocks and paint.

Happily Bob and Diane, from the long lamented Baja Days, had dug their way out of the mountains to bring their Pickle. John Graves had his lovely Skerry, built from CLC plans. When we arrived, new recruit, Jon Larson was on station with his Ladybug (nee Duckworks) The Millers brought a 17' ABS canoe and (sotto voce) an aluminum fishing boat.

Also on the beach was a mystery boat shrouded in a blue tarp. It was for Cade, so the kids set about bringing it to light. Whoa! It was a Swooper D. with rolled side tanks and no transom. Hot Boat! Dewitt tells me that one can get plywood with the grain of all plies running the same direction. It is designed to build curved concrete forms. Got to look into that.

You may remember that Dewitt and John are building our Swooper Duckers for my three grandsons. Caught up in the spirit of the thing I gave my Swooper to Willie Gale. Does Jessie want one? All she has to do is ask. Should you be wondering, we wouldn't mind building one for a paying customer (see our Grand Mesa Boatworks ad in Trade Directory).

The only boats in sailing condition were last year's Swooper with the Hoyt rig, John's Skerry, the B&D Pickle and Jon's Ladybug. Late Saturday afternoon the Hoyt SD rigged up and went out. Not far behind was the canoe with three totally novice paddlers. I guess some had drifted the Gunnison riding center, but that was no preparation for this wind. The paddling was sufficient for a lazy river but not what was required here. They managed to get across but lost a lot of ground coming back and came ashore well down the beach. They set out pulling it along shore and had to drag over a couple of rocky fingers. The littlest guy (but not by much),



Launching John's Skerry.



John supervises the rigging of the Hoyt rig.

an insouciant sort, came to relate the adventure but was greeted by indignation and talk of "moral obligation" and so trudged back to the aid of his fellows. Thus we learn.

The Saturday potluck designed, it would seem, to banish all thought of pioneer hardship, was enjoyable as always. Notable beyond Dewitt's hors d'oeuvres were Garrett's hand rubbed grilled steaks. I mostly kept to my chair, depending on the largesse of passersby, wife and dutiful children for sustenance, so I cannot comment of the provenance of the salads and other goodies. Dewitt's wood sustained a white man fire well into the night.

Sunday dawned with clouds but soon cleared and the four wind boats and the canoe went out to play. The canoe crew appeared to be making good progress. The "kibitzer's delight" stayed in the bag this year in favor of the Palmer's pop up shelter. Everyone crowded under while it sprinkled for lunch.

Tanner tries Swooper Duckah with new oarlocks.



Canoe practice for young crew.

Everything packed and loaded, we chewed the fat till 1400, then hit the road.

A fillup in Roosevelt, after ten miles on the warning light, ran 73 bucks. I've always maxed out in the 50s before so to leap right

over the 60s was a shocker. The Dakota made 15.5mpg pulling a double deck trailer. We had one short biblical deluge on the way home, but it was warm and clear when Starvation officially ended at the BK in Fruita.

Sharon and Susan do some cool rowing.



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Ipswich River Trip

On April 30 we had our "icebreaker" trip on the Ipswich on the Massachusetts North Shore, hardly an icebreaker, the river had been open for almost two months, but it was our first outing of the year. A small turnout this year found Paul Shirley soloing his green Chestnut Ogilvy and Ed Howard in the stern of his Kingsbury replica with me in the bow. Stuart Fall joined us at the put-in to lend a hand as best he could; he has been suffering with a disc problem in his back, which has slowed him down a little bit. These back discs seem to be some sort of an epidemic this year, Bill Clements, Ed Moses and I have all been on light duty with the same problem. It couldn't possibly be caused by years of carrying canoes around, could it?



Paul Shirley enjoying the paddle on the Ipswich.

We had no trouble getting going at the announced 9am start time, the water was moving along at a good clip and with a short break at the Massachusetts Audubon landing we were at the takeout before 11:30am, just in time for an early lunch.

We were joined on the Ipswich by four members of the Ipswich River Watershed Association; Jeff Becker and Steve Swanson paddled an Allagash fiberglass canoe, Andy McGraw and Omar Haqqani used an Old Town Tripper completely outfitted with whitewater flotation. The two wooden

Greg and Mark along with the B.N. Morris canoe.



Two River Outings

By Steve Lapey
Norumbega Chapter WCHA
(Groveland, Massachusetts)

canoes got all of the attention from the passing canoeists and kayakers that we saw along the way. For such an early paddle, I was surprised to see so much traffic on the Ipswich. One large group that we met were from a Boy Scout troop out of Gloucester; they were getting some canoe instruction and practice to prepare them for an Allagash River trip that they have scheduled for this summer.

The effects of the steel trap ban on trapping beaver in Massachusetts are evident here on the Ipswich; I saw dozens of the biggest beaver lodges I have ever seen all along our route. With no trapping to slow them down they are having a grand old time cutting down trees and building lodges. Later in the season, as the water levels drop, I would expect some dam building activity to start.



Giant beaver lodge on the Ipswich.

As usual, there was a lot of bird activity; the red-winged blackbirds have returned in large numbers, we saw them along with various hawks, chickadees and lots of other species in between.

Charles River Trip

On May 7, 2011, we returned to the Charles River in the suburban Boston area,

this time the stretch from Medfield to South Natick that we have done in the past. For this trip we had the O'Brien brothers, Greg and Mark, paddling the old Morris, Paul Shirley, again in the Chestnut Ogilvy and I brought my fun little Chestnut Chum.

The put-in location on Route 109 had completely changed from our last visit, the old roadhouse restaurant had been rebuilt and was up and running and they were doing a land office business serving Saturday breakfast, which is a good sign. The bad news is that they now charge a parking fee for canoeists using their launching facilities. We really couldn't object to the fee, they have done a lot of work cleaning up the site and improving the launching ramp; it is now usable for small boat trailers.

After spotting a couple of vehicles at the South Natick Dam, we were on our way at about 9:30am and found ourselves moving quickly along. These spring trips are always made easier by the fast moving water. There were neither snags nor obstructions along the way to delay us.

The wildlife along this section of the river is abundant, we saw dozens of bird species, 10 of which we were able to identify, others that we will have to come back to check again. At the put-in there was a notice to not eat the fish from the river, something about mercury not being good for us, but the mercury doesn't appear to harm the painted turtles. We saw hundreds of turtles out sunning themselves on logs and on the river banks and these were all very large and healthy painted turtles.

Rocky Narrows was reached in just over 2 hours so we stopped there for a lunch break and then it was another hour and a half to South Natick. The last 20 minutes or so of our trip was in light rain with an occasional rumble of thunder off in the distance and we ended up in a photo finish with a major thunderstorm at the take-out. Within 10 minutes of our landing we had wind, rain, lightning and even hail. I was very pleased that we were on dry land for this exciting event.

Nice properties and nice canoes on the Charles River.



Originally our Norumbega WCHA wilderness trip was to be a base camp operation out of Flagstaff Lake in Maine, but when I had to back out of the trip due to a back problem, the remaining trippers decided to jack up the experience a little and change the trip to a West Branch to Chamberlain Bridge adventure. The trippers consisted of John and Brendan Fitzgerald along with Dave and Pat Dumas escorted by Abbie the Labradoodle. The Fitzgerald's used the 17' Prospector and the Dumas' used the big 18' Voyageur that has served them well on other Norumbega trips.

The put-in for the trip was at the Lobster Stream Canoe Launch off the road to Northeast Carry. The route was down the Penobscot to Chesuncook Lake, up Umbazooksus Stream and across to Umbazooksus Lake where the infamous Mud Pond Carry awaited the gang for the portage to Chamberlain Lake.

Camp was made on the first night (Wednesday) at Ragmuff Stream where it enters the West Branch of the Penobscot. Thoreau camped at this location on his 1853 trip to Chesuncook.

Thoreau, on his third trip to Maine in July 1857, reported the 1.8 mile long Mud Pond Carry as "a loosely paved gutter merely, where we went leaping from rock to rock in a vain attempt to stay out of the water and mud." And from the reports that came back this year the trail has not improved any in the ensuing 154 years. By the time the two canoes and all of the gear reached the shore of Mud Pond almost 4½ hours had elapsed. Talk about character building, this is one for the record books.

The first problem was just finding the portage; Fitz reports that there were no signs at either end, only a few stacked boulders in Umbazooksus marking the carry. After about a month of rain, on top of the usual spring melt-off, the carry was as interesting as it

2011 Maine Wilderness Trip Another Big Adventure!

By Steve Lapey
(As told to me by John Fitzgerald)
Photos by John Fitzgerald



David and Patrick Dumas ending the Mud Pond Carry with the 18' Prospector Voyageur.

could possibly be. There were a half dozen or so recent blowdowns requiring breaking off branches and stepping over. In one instance Fitz had to rest his Prospector on the blow-down, sneak under and then pull the canoe over. Dave and Patrick did cut some of the smaller trees out of the way with the axe.

The biggest issue with the carry was that the worn path is very narrow so they were walking in a water filled ditch. It has a hard bottom, but there were many locations where they sank through the moose muck a ways until hitting solid bottom. They couldn't step out of the ditch easily, especially carrying a canoe, because it is easy to slip and fall off the banks of the ditch back into the muck. John reported that the water depth ranged from ankle deep to thigh deep the whole way and that frogs were even breeding in the carry. The last few hundred feet or so were thigh deep and the canoe was dropped off the shoulders and floated the rest of the way. The good news was that the bugs were not a problem as they were just starting to come out and won't be biting for another week or so.

As one hikes (or wades) along the trail he can see how the water flow changes direction at the divide between the Allagash and Penobscot watersheds. Umbazooksus drains into the Penobscot watershed and Mud Pond is part of the Allagash watershed. The trippers were glad to see the flow change; it meant that they were making progress.

Mud Brook drops quickly in the half mile from Mud Pond to Chamberlain Lake, however, in these high-water conditions the stream turned into about a half mile of Class 2 whitewater along with a couple of low hanging trees which managed to crack more than a few ribs in both canoes. Fortunately, wood and canvas canoes are designed to be repaired and there will be some repairs to be made on these two Chestnuts.

Carrying over the dam at Umbazooksus Lake. The dam was wide open making the paddling and beaver dam negotiation up Umbazooksus Stream a real challenge.



Brendan Fitzgerald braving foul weather on Chamberlain Lake.



This was the first opportunity in the year 1994, and even most of an earlier year, to comfortably sail east on Fishers Island Sound. Wind and tide were to my advantage. It hadn't started out that way, however. When I first left the Groton Long Point breakwater to starboard the wind was light and out of the east. It was 10am, with a light fog that I felt was soon to break, that hung stubbornly over Main Beach to port. I tacked aimlessly up and down checking my rig to be sure everything was shipshape and waited for conditions to improve.

Just before I reached Can #24 and the entrance to Fishers Island Sound the fog lifted and left a building Force 3 out of the southeast. The wind allowed me to sail down Fishers Island Sound against an adverse current that would favor me when going home, especially if the wind died later. The wind kept building and by the time I reached Middle Clump off Fishers Island the wind had increased to a gusty Force 5.

I had a real ride upwind against a rising sea. The closer I got to Lord's Passage off Watch Hill, Rhode Island and the entrance to the Atlantic Ocean, the rougher it got. I must admit for a septuagenarian single hander like me, I wasn't particularly enjoying myself. I came about and with the favorable west going tide I headed for home. I should have steered for the north shore of Fishers Island where there was less wind but I wanted to see Napatree Beach again while I was in the area.

The western spit of land in Rhode Island, Napatree is a scythe of barrier beach that curves out from the often considered wealthy town of Watch Hill. Through a series of reefs and ledges it faces out to the Atlantic Ocean and backs up to the busy harbor of Little Narragansett Bay. Before the Hurricane of 1938 a rocky beach and abandoned old fort stood on the westernmost point.

The ruins of Fort Mansfield, a coast artillery fortification, were deactivated in 1927. Curving northwest from the fort for almost a mile of open beach was an area the residents called the sand spit. It was pushed easterly by the Hurricane into Little Narragansett Bay and, with the exception of Sandy Point on the northern end, it was covered with shallow water. Napatree was a summer idyll on the very edge of the Atlantic Ocean. "It was sunshine, surf and salt air blown over a thousand miles of open sea."

Those who resided there called it a heavenly spot. Like those in Groton Long Point, Connecticut, residents came back summer after summer. There were those who could afford it with live-in help and their children who, when they married, returned with their children. They surf cast from the rocks at the Point mostly in the fall for flat fish and sailed and raced their sailboats on Little Narragansett Bay, even occasionally venturing forth on the windy Eastern Long Island Sound.

My cruise continued inshore around Napatree Point Ledge Bell R6. I stayed well

20 Years Sailing on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 11

Cruise to Napatree and the Pawcatuck River

By Lionel Taylor
(Groton Long Point, Connecticut)

off Napatree to avoid the shallow water and occasional rocks. Despite the late hour, I decided to sail across shallow Little Narragansett Bay and up the Pawcatuck River to Avondale, Rhode Island, to visit my old friend, Elton Furlong, who lived on the eastern bank of the river.

As I turned the corner of Napatree Point I had to sail close-hauled to avoid the foul ground around Dennison Rock marked by Nun W2. Once past this point I could ease sheets and steer almost due north to leave Ledwoods and Goat Islands to port. With a 32' mast height I later had no trouble passing under the Conrail R.R. fixed bridge, which has 64' of vertical clearance. It was at least 1½ miles upriver to Elton's home and I hoped I'd have enough daylight to get back down again to anchor for the night in Stonington Harbor before it got dark.

With a little help from my 4hp outboard motor when the light wind headed me, I arrived at his home. I tied my boat up to his small dock and crossed the narrow road upon which Elton lived in a small red cottage. As I approached the stone steps leading to his front door, I glanced into his large side and back yards. His collection of small boats made me smile for, like most old retired sailors, we can't seem to find a use or a place for our old partners anymore but don't have the heart to rid ourselves of them for the remote fear of needing or wanting to use one of them in the future.

There were a couple of dinghies, one of wood, the other of fiberglass, turned upside down on the lawn that had seen better days, a sailboat and a Sunfish hull that hadn't been in salt water for at least several years. Dotted here and there were a set of wooden oars, a short sailboat mast and boom and a few empty plastic gas cans for an outboard motor.

The farther on back in the yard I looked, the older the marine clutter became, much of it covered with mold, weed and standing water. Elton must have heard or seen me coming because as I reached the top step he opened the front door. I was met with a wizened beaming face that said surprise and welcome. He was a short man who had lost weight from the last time I saw him. His sparkling eyes and crackling voice were the same as when we met many years before at the Mystic Seaport Museum under the hull of a *Charles W. Morgan* whaleboat with paintbrushes in our hands.

We both loved the ancient wooden craft that made up many of the outdoor displays of the Museum and wanted to help do what we could to maintain them. The Shipyard of the Museum sponsors a volunteer work group called the Gung Ho Squad that helps do just that on fall and winter Saturdays from 9am to 4pm. The 20 or 25 volunteers work hard and

get a lot of dirt, sawdust and paint on their faces and hands and under their nails.

Unfortunately I found the Squad tended to be an "Old Boys" group that took all the best jobs to be done and left relative newcomers, regardless of their talent or potential, like me and Elton, to do the dirty work like painting and scraping. There was little or no instruction or help to move up the project work ladder where they were. We eventually both left the Squad frustrated some years later still painting boat bottoms and Seaport buildings.

We walked through a small underused living room with an overstuffed couch and a few chairs typical, I'd say, of a widowed senior citizen. Elton's wife had died some years before leaving him to "bach it" after years of a happy marriage and a sailing companionship that frequently took them to the Caribbean in their boat.

Behind the living room was a small room that Elton had turned into his workshop. He was a very talented half-model boat builder. The Mystic Seaport knew just how good he was, regardless of his volunteer work on the Gung Ho Squad, when they had him build for them a half model of their schooner *Brilliant* and the Seaport's 9' Dyer Dhow sailing dinghies.

Elton's workshop contained all the tools needed to make wood half-models; a professional bandsaw, a collection of wood chisels, scrapers, sanders, a wood vice and a large workbench upon which sat a partially completed Herreshoff 12½' sailboat model. The room had the sweet smell of woodcarvings and wood chips. Elton insisted that he take me on a tour of his small house. Beautiful half-models he made were everywhere.

The racer/cruisers *Baruna*, *Bolero*, *Revenoc*, *Nina*, *Stormy Weather*; the J Boats *Yankee*, the *Endeavors*, *Ranger*, *Rainbow*; the Twelve Meters *Vim*, *Neferitti*, *Constellation*, *Northern Light*, and *Stars and Stripes* hung from the ceilings. Even small boat models like the *Laser*, *Blue Jay*, *Snipe*, *Sunfish*, yes, and even the boat that brought me there, the *Pearson Ensign*.

He then took me down a narrow flight of stairs to the cellar where there were even more beautifully finished half-models all hung from the ceiling. I was overwhelmed, to say the least. Beyond loving what he was doing making these models, where he was going to store examples of his work could become a problem (I wanted to be careful wording this question because I didn't want to imply that he just couldn't keep making models with no ultimate goal in mind for them).

Though he was still going strong, he was almost 90 years old with a heart condition. He had told me earlier in our friendship about the number of half-models of their boats that he had made for friends, as he had for my *Ensign*, and I'm sure many maritime museums including the Mystic Seaport would only be too glad to be given some for display in the future.

I hated to end the visit but it was getting dark and I still had a downriver trip to make while I could still see. We wished each other Godspeed and as I loosened my mooring lines from his dock, Elton stood in his doorway waving. It was then I wondered how many more times we would meet like this in the future to renew our old and dear friendship. I safely motored down the Pawcatuck River and onto an empty mooring in Stonington Harbor where I spent the night. It had been a great but nostalgic day.



This messing about story begins on a cross-country flight. It was a clear sky and crystalline air. My wife calls days like that "Viewmaster Days." Remember the pictures we would look at in stereo on our Viewmaster? All unrealistically clear.

Luckily the captain was giving us waypoints from time to time because I saw an enormous lake. I stared at that lake in utter fascination. It looked like the Grand Canyon with a lot of water in it. I had no idea what it was.

Then I noticed the sun glinting off many somethings. My first guess was "boats," but the reflections were just too much, too bright. It had to be things with large reflective roofs. After a few seconds of pondering that I came up with houseboats. Further examination, as we flew past, confirmed, more or less, that guess. I vowed to remember the waypoints, and by some miracle I did. I also remembered to get out a map at home and draw a straight line between them. It went right over Lake Powell, which, until that moment, I had never heard of.

Not long thereafter, my intelligent wife took a look at her frequent flyer miles and an announcement by the airline that they were about to increase the number of miles required for a free ticket. She had 20,001 miles or something like that, and the new requirement was to be 25,000. She said, "As often as I fly, I'll never get there. We need to use our miles now."

So we went to the airport and stood in line at the ticket counter to trade in our miles for tickets but couldn't agree where to go. When we got to second in line it was put up or shut up time. I said, "Why don't we fly to Phoenix and visit the Smiths?" She said, "Great idea." There was a pay phone (remember those?) on the wall a few feet away so I went over and called the Smiths and they said, "Ya'll come." Not really. They are from Minnesota so they said more like, "Ooooh, that would be just wonderful." So we got two tickets to Arizona.

When we got home I remembered that Lake Powell was in Arizona (except it's not, it's mostly in Utah.) I called the Smiths again and said, "While we're there I want us to go house boating on Lake Powell." "That's an awfully long way from here," they said. "Please check it out anyway," said I.

A few days later Tom called back and said, "By the oddest stroke of luck, you now have a reservation on the last houseboat for

Far Flung Messing About

By Palmer McGrew

that week. I guess it was a cancellation. That's the good news. The bad news is we can't afford to go with you." We worked that out.

We spent four days on the lake. Getting there was the true adventure. When they picked us up at the airport they had their huge Cadillac. I said, "What's this we can't afford nonsense?" Tom said, "It's old and falling apart." Indeed, not far north of Phoenix I abandoned the rest of them in Rock Springs, a very mystical place where one can buy all sorts of charms and potions and hitched a ride back to the airport where I rented a car, replacing the enormous Caddy which was billowing steam, but I digress.

The houseboat, rented from the Park Service, was old and beat up but it, unlike the Caddy, ran, sort of. Tying up at night was also a challenge since the lake actually is the Grand Canyon with water in it and it is essentially solid rock. Ergo, no trees. Anchors? Forgedaboutit. We devised all sorts of stone anchors on shore.

The scenery was amazing. Then a storm blew in and I thought that houseboat was a goner, but it survived, as did we. The lodge we had hoped to restock at didn't open because the staff and suppliers couldn't get there in the storm. And we were on the water!! Out of wine!!

The last day was a sad day. By then we had made thousands of plans to invite hundreds of friends to do this again, but we knew we wouldn't. Once was enough and sure enough, we haven't done it again. But now we were excited house boaters with four whole days' experience.

Friends who winter in Florida invited us down and once again I imposed my condition, we gotta houseboat, this time on the Intracoastal Waterway beside Sanibel and Captiva. Pete and Carol had owned a boat for years on the Ohio River, so the IC should pose no difficulties for us. Or so we thought.

The first surprise was that there were no banks to tie up to since the IC ran out of deep enough water far short of the shoreline. And the second surprise was actually the same, the shallowness of the water and the need to

stay center channel all the time. The delightful third surprise was the tameness of the pelicans. They dove for fish right next to our boat putting on a great aerial show every evening for dinner, attempting to outperform the ospreys.

We had rented the houseboat from a fellow who only owned two boats. The first boat was out with another party and the owner was highly distressed at the treatment that boat was getting. He went looking for them while we were there and found the boat empty and unlocked with the keys in the ignition. We made a special point of obeying all of his instructions to the letter, which he noted.

He insisted that we hire an instructor to teach us the IC, so we did. I don't think we needed the lesson, as we already knew Red Right Returning. This houseboat was easy to drive compared to the park service boat. A word about that Powell boat. It had two outboards and when both were running, which was seldom, we could navigate better by varying the power of the two. But, as I said, that was seldom the case and the rudder had a tough time overcoming just one motor on one side with a mind of its own. This boat, we were happy to find, went where we told it to go.

So we spent three wonderful days on the IC with our pelican and osprey friends. The morning of the second day the owner brought us two kayaks he had earlier tried to get us to rent. We were glad he did as we tied up outside the Ding Darling Wildlife Center and kayaked into and around it. Coming back to the houseboat we encountered a strong headwind. Pete, an engineer, was determined to go straight into it, a straight line being... you know. I elected to go around the edge of the bay, mostly in wind shadow. I was joined by three dolphins who did their gymnastics beside my kayak most of the way back. Soooo cool! And we arrived back at the houseboat at the same time.

The one thing we missed on the second houseboat was the usable roof we had had on Powell. There we had cocktails and dinner on the roof every night admiring the sun setting over the blood red rock. It was a magic time. No pelicans though.

Both trips were very special and one outcome was that, at the first opportunity, Pete and I bought kayaks, which we use often, sometimes together. We are both confirmed messers, but I'm still trying to teach Pete to sail. Just as he'd mastered "Hard alee" I bought a Hobie Bravo I have to jibe.

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The Thimbles

By Dave Kline

Benny, my youngest son and paddling companion for the day, lives in Manhattan with Steff, his wife, and innumerable animals. "Innumerable" because these are animal lovers and I'm not sure how many there are. They have a collection of dogs, spiders, lizards, scorpions, etc. Oh, and the python Benny's had since college and a recently acquired bullfrog. I think that's about all. The python, has to be close to 20 years old, older than anything else in the place, other than Benny and Steff.

It has been an odd spring. By the day of our paddle, it had been cold and rainy, day after day, then hot and muggy day after day, then very nice day after day. The weather could never get into a predictable cycle. It was stuck in one rut after another. This is bad enough for a retired guy in the suburbs who mows his own lawn and likes to garden, but for a person like Benny living in a sixth floor walkup apartment in the city, it can be maddening. Benny decided it was time to stop talking about getting out of the city to go for a paddle and do something about it. He freed up some time on Friday, June 10. The weather forecast looked good. The paddle was on.

The logistics seemed pretty simple. Benny would rent a car by the hour (owning a car in Manhattan is an expensive nuisance), drive Steff up to her job as a vet tech in Stamford and continue on to some place on the Connecticut shore where we would meet for the paddle. Then he'd get back on the road and return the car to Manhattan. Steff would take the train back. On my end, I'd put two solo boats on the car, pack up the kayaking gear and head for the place we'd decided to paddle.

Then I checked the tide chart. This would be an early morning paddle since Steff had to be in Stamford at 7:30am, about an hour after low tide along the Connecticut shore. I originally thought the best place to launch would be Great Island in Lyme. This would give us plenty of choices for paddling, the Connecticut River, the Sound and two smaller rivers, the Black Hall and the Lieutenant. But when I emailed Benny I made a slip of the keyboard and suggested Barn Island as a place to launch. Benny called me at 6am on the day of the paddle and said, "Dad! Barn Island is

a two-hour drive from Stamford! I want to paddle, not sit in the car!"

I was sound asleep when the phone rang, but thought immediately of the Thimbles. I hadn't suggested them in the first place because I'd never been there, didn't know how to get there or where to launch, but had heard other kayakers say it was a nice place to paddle. I got my maps out, turned on the computer, did some quick research on Yahoo and sent some directions to Benny, one of which was to give me a call when he left Stamford. The drive from there to the launch site in Stony Brook would be just under an hour, about the same as the drive I would make.

That left me with the logistics, including breakfast, slathering on sunscreen, putting the kayaking gear into the car that wasn't there already, and boats on top of the car. I would have done much of this the night before, especially the boats, but we had a wild wind, rain and electrical storm that evening and everything was still in the garage. At about 8am Benny called to say he was just passing through New Haven on I-95. I told him to get something to eat, scout out the launch site for parking and launching and I'd be down there in an hour.

I was. Traffic moved briskly through Hartford and I-91 looked like a NASCAR race with tractor trailers, busses, SUVs and passenger cars all competing in the same event. I didn't see anyone pulled over for speeding despite being passed by people who thought I was dawdling in my aging Honda Accord at 75mph, the most common speed and 10mph over the posted speed limit.

The launch site on West Point Road given by my Yahoo search turned out to be usable but not ideal. There was ample parking and access to the water. Access close to low tide, however, involved getting ourselves and the boats over about 100 yards of muddy tidal wetland. We did that.

It was delightful out on the water. The weather was perfect, mid 70s, a little

overcast, a little breeze and little waves. The Thimbles are a group of small rocky islands, most of which have houses on them. There appears to be no way to get to them other than by water. The houses vary from grand to modest but even the modest ones look expensive. Many of these islands are privately owned. One, Outer Island, has a bird sanctuary. We pulled up on the beach to stretch our legs and take a rest but the sanctuary's trails are open only on weekends so we didn't go on them. Some day we'll do that.

The little beach was interesting. It was pebbly, with a lot of shells, mostly from oysters and clams. The pebbles themselves were quite varied. Some were sandstone, some quartz and some granite. The islands are pink granite and very pretty. I'm no geologist, but that beach itself was worth the paddle.

Back out on the water, it looked as if the boating season hadn't really begun. We had just left the beach when we saw our first moving boat, sightseers aboard, coming from the passage between Horse Island and Exton's Reef. We weren't sure where it was headed at first. It seemed to be coming straight at us so we waited to see which way we should go. It eventually turned off to the west and we went down the passage it had left, waving to the people on the boat as it went by. This, I've decided, is mandatory for kayakers, even if it interrupts the paddle. We don't want to be rude.

A lot of the houses on the islands seemed still to be closed up, there were few boats in the water and fewer underway. Another tour boat passed by but it seemed not to be crowded. Stony Brook is a pretty little town and we saw the center first from the water. As we headed back to our launching point we paddled by the town launch site. It has a proper boat ramp that would accommodate quite a large trailer and a beautiful beach area perfect for launching kayaks. It's the kind of place we could do a gorilla walk into the water if we didn't want to get our feet wet.

We debated pulling out there and getting the car over for the boats somehow, like dropping one of us off to trek over the mud flats and move the car while the other towed an empty boat over to the beach, but we decided to stay together and pull out where we'd put in. As it turned out, we should have used the town boat launch site originally. I walked up to the street from the little beach and saw a sign at the curb saying parking was allowed for 15 minutes to unload boats. One of the people we talked to when we were putting our boats back on the car said there was parking on the streets in town and the church across from the town launch site would let us park for \$5 a day. The church is so close we could just park there and carry our boats down to the water. Next time.

Both of us had brought plenty of water and it was a good thing. There was plenty of mud to wash off our feet and legs. I've seen mud like this before. This wasn't the first time I've hauled a boat over a mud flat. Mud like this could be used as glue. We can't stand there with a hose and get it off the boat. A hose helps, but it has to be rubbed off.

We picnicked on a little ball field by our parking area. The grass was a perfect place to eat the grapes, yoghurt, apples and dried figs I'd brought for our snack. My trip back was uneventful and less hectic. The boats, the car, my clothes and I all had to be cleaned up. It was a great way to spend a morning.



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The New York Naval Militia or, to give it its official title, the Naval Reserve Artillery of the State of New York, is hardly a veteran force, but in its three and a half years of existence it has been seasoned by two cruises that gave it practical experience afloat and ashore, has once been called upon to perform active duty for the State and has demonstrated not only a creditable spirit of readiness for work, but the ability to perform service of real value to the defense of our coasts and our seaports.

The last few years have seen a remarkable awakening of American interest in maritime matters. "The nation which controls the sea," said Sir Walter Raleigh, "commands the commerce of the sea; the nation which controls the commerce of the sea commands the world." The Elizabethan commander's theory, and history proves that there is truth in it, seemed, only ten years ago, to have been utterly lost sight of by the great republic whose flag had once floated triumphant on every ocean. Our seagoing merchant marine had dwindled to proportions surpassed by those of third rate foreign powers.

Our navy was a laughing stock; we had not a single modern iron vessel, much less an armored battleship, not a single high power gun, not a single torpedo or torpedo boat. Our coast defenses were not worth the name and our rich seaboard cities lay open to the first enemy who might assail them.

There came at last a feeling that such a state of affairs was not only discreditable to our national prestige but positively dangerous to our material interests. In spite of all the efforts of the peace societies and all the vaunted growth of international comity and good will, there will be wars in the future as there have been in the past and the attack of a foreign fleet is a contingency for which the most ordinary prudence bids us to be prepared.

Five billions of dollars is perhaps a fair estimate of the value of the property that would lie under the cannon of a fleet of modern ironclads lying at the mouth of New York Harbor. It is not strange that the metropolis should be interested in the question of coast defenses and should be anxious to see at her front door upon the Atlantic and at her side door on the Sound, sentinels in the shape of forts and guns to warn dangerous intruders from her premises,

Forts and guns the government is now giving her; but a further question arises, who is to man the forts and serve the guns? The naval establishment of the United States, as fixed by law, is too small to furnish proper complements for the vessels already afloat. When the large ironclads now building shall be put in commission, the force will be still more inadequate. Congress may be compelled to increase it, but the increase is not likely to be more than enough to supply the necessary equipment of our seagoing navy. In case of war it is a certainty that every officer and every seaman will be urgently needed for service on the ocean. How then, shall our coast defenses be manned at the very moment when they will be called upon for duty unless we supplement the regular navy with a trained auxiliary force?

The real function of the army of the United States is not to fight the country's wars. It is to serve as a nucleus around which may cluster the military strength of the nation's manhood. Our standing force of 25,000 men would, in case of war, be supplemented by three or four times as many trained militia and ten or even a hundred times as many

New York's Naval Battalion

By Robert Scott Osborne
Reprinted from *Munsey's Magazine*
April, 1893
(Submitted by Dick Winslow)

recruits who would volunteer for service. At sea the situation is necessarily somewhat different. We must have a strong organized navy and professional crews to bear the brunt of war on the ocean; but there is, nevertheless, abundant field for the services of vessels drafted from the merchant marine and of volunteer sailors trained to handle spars, hawsers and guns. England has a naval reserve of 28 ships and no less than 55,000 men liable for service in case of war. Two of the finest of her auxiliary steamers, the great Atlantic liners, *Paris* and *New York*, have recently transferred their allegiance to the American flag and there is no reason why we should not, within a few years, supplement our new navy with a reserve force comparable to hers.

Five years ago Congress passed a bill, of which Mr Whitthorne of Tennessee was the author, enabling the seaboard states to form battalions of naval militia. Massachusetts was the first to display her patriotism by carrying out the suggestion. New York followed the example and companies have since been organized in California, North Carolina and other states.

The New York body is a part of the State Militia and is regularly mustered in as such. It dates from October 1889, when Mr Philip B. Dow enrolled 75 volunteers for service and was elected lieutenant commander. The Navy Department allowed the recruits to use the old frigate *Minnesota*, which was tied up at one of the North River piers, as a drilling place. But the battalion had scarcely installed itself there when the vessel was dismantled. No other proper quarters could be found. No aid could be secured from the state authorities and the prospects of the movement became very gloomy.

Early in 1891 a second effort was made to form a naval militia. It originated among the amateur yachtsmen of the metropolis, the very class best calculated to produce the right material for the service. A Naval Reserve Association was formed with which the older organization was soon afterwards consolidated, Mr Jacob W. Miller, a former navy officer and a graduate of Annapolis, being elected to the command. Messrs August Belmont, Jr, W. Butler Duncan, Jr, T.C. Zerega, and other well known yachtsmen were among the supporters of the movement, which was successful from the start. Drilling was begun in earnest, and the government again granted the temporary use of the *Minnesota*. Then, when the battalion's efficiency had been officially approved by the inspector general, it was formally admitted to the service of the State.

The men had their first practice maneuvers in July 1891. Five of the white cruisers of the new navy, the *Chicago*, the *Boston*, the *Yorktown*, the *Atlanta* and the *Concord*, were ordered to New York Harbor for their benefit, after a visit to Boston for the edification of the volunteer sailors of Massachusetts. The test was a severe one. There was no sparing of the Reserve's cuticles and muscles. Hawsers might be rough, oars heavy and gun gear ponderous and grimy, but Captain Mill-

er's men stood their turns of duty shoulder to shoulder with the tars of the white cruisers. The battalion is, to an extent that is quite remarkable, recruited from the upper social ranks of the metropolis; but there was nothing of the "dude" or the "curled darling" about the millionaires' sons who, clad in their naval working suits of coarse white canvas, sent the ships' cutters flying through the North River tide or manned the big 6" rifles. It was proved in our great Civil War that men of breeding and cultured intelligence make, as a rule, the best soldiers, and why should they not make good sailors?

Certainly if any there was who expected to find the cruise a "junketing trip" or a delicious round of maritime joys, at the end of his first day's drill he must have been undeceived, to his weariness and disgust. The Reserve men were distributed among the five cruisers, mustered on their quarterdecks and assigned to gun crews. Then came the order from Admiral Walker's flagship, the *Chicago*, to "array armed boats for cutting out."

Instantly each ship became the scene of a "hustle" like that of a fire engine house when the alarm has sounded. Down the gangways and rope ladders the sailors, man-of-war's men and Reserve intermingled, poured into the cutters and launches, which were equipped as for a genuine cutting out expedition. Machine guns were mounted in their bows and an ample store of ammunition and provisions hurriedly put aboard. Then, dropping into their place on the thwarts, the crews pulled as if for their lives at the heavy 32'oars in obedience to the admiral's orders to "guide left" or "guide right" and finally to "return to ships," maneuvers that the fleet of boats found none too easy on the crowded and swift running waters of the North River.

Similar boat drills were given on the following days and, in spite of stiff arms and blistered fingers, a rapid advance was reported in the Reserve's watermanship. On one evening there was a "searchlight drill" which was both instructive and interesting. Indeed, the New York public seemed to regard it as a free fireworks display of a novel kind, and every pier along the North River held a crowd of spectators whose chorused "Ohs!" and "Ahs" testified their admiration of the sight.

The darkness of the harbor was rent by 13 beams of intense white light which the men of the anchored fleet turned at will upon the clouds, upon the water around them and upon either shore as a demonstration of the efficiency of their guard against the insidious attacks of the torpedo boats of an imaginary enemy. Then there came drill in signaling with red and white lights, and with red and green lights, ending with the luminous message from the flagship that the performance had been "very satisfactory."

Still more maritime and warlike was the experience of the following week, made memorable in the battalion's annals by the Fisher's Island expedition. Fisher's Island, a spot well known to the yachtsmen of Long Island Sound, lies off the eastern end of the Connecticut coast, near New London, but belongs, rather curiously, to the territory of the Empire State. It is a sandy strip nine miles long and a mile or less in width with a hotel, a few cottages and a flavor of Colonial history. It once belonged to John Winthrop, son and namesake of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts and himself Governor of Connecticut in the time of Charles II.

To Fisher's Island, the battalion voyaged aboard the Sound steamer *Stonington* and there it was joined by the White Squadron, the adjutant general having selected the island "on account of the advantages it offered for exercising boats, maneuvering ships and firing at targets with the main and secondary batteries in unobstructed waters." On the way down the Sound the men were mustered to hear Commander Miller read the articles of war, a wearisome but indispensable formality of Sunday routine in the navy.

Work began in earnest the next morning, and work begins early on a man of war, real or pretended, with parade on deck promptly at a quarter past six. Paraded, inspected and fortified with breakfast, the battalion was again distributed among the white cruisers and instructed in serving the great cannon and the Hotchkiss guns of the secondary battery.

On the different days of the week there was target shooting with the small guns, an inspection by the Governor of the State, target shooting with the great guns 20 miles out on the ocean off Montauk Point, an attack on Fisher's Island which the battalion, with allies from the cruisers' crews, captured from its garrison of marines, and the maneuvers ended with a final review.

The engravings that accompany this article are from photographs taken during the Reserve men's second cruise last July. The

government granted them the use of the frigate *New Hampshire*, a relic of our wooden navy, useless as a battleship but roomy and well adapted to serve the battalion's needs. The volunteer sailors, dressed in their cotton working suits which, under the blazing July sun, have at least an appearance of coolness, are getting their equipment aboard the old vessel. On the pier, #28, East River, an approving crowd has gathered to testify the metropolis' interest in her defenders, an interest that those defenders appreciate none the less for the fact that an intervening rope allows them space to work unhindered.

From the pier, on Saturday the 16th of July, the *New Hampshire* was towed to Gravesend Bay, flying at her fore the blue flag of the Naval Reserve and at her main the national ensign. On board, sweeping decks, polishing brasswork and putting everything "shipshape" were 235 men, the flower of the battalion, and all, or almost all, veterans of the cruise of 1891. On the way down the harbor the officers gave instruction in casting the lead and in the use of charts. "Fire quarters" was another subject of early attention and very properly so, on board of a wooden ship.

As the *New Hampshire* anchored in Gravesend Bay, the blue pennant of Admiral Walker was seen fluttering down the Narrows at the masthead of the *Chicago*. The *Atlanta* followed. These two were the only ships that

the Navy Department could spare last year, a sad falling off from the five of the year before, resulting in a lack of space for the Reserve men during the gun drills on the cruisers.

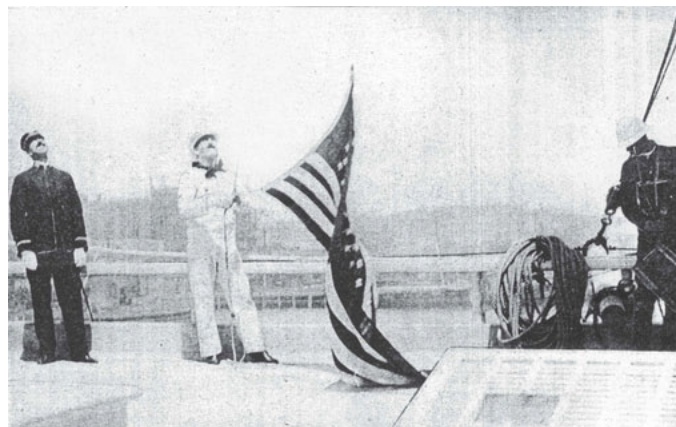
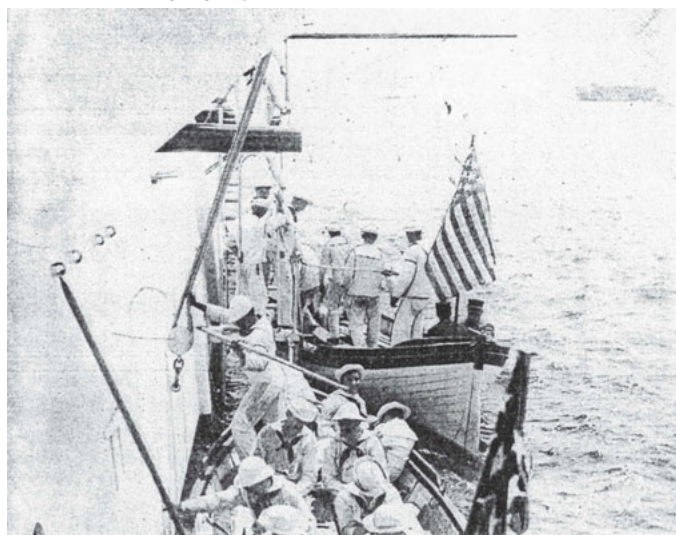
With many a volunteer sailor those days of duty afloat, arduous yet not irksome, will linger long as a pleasant memory. At six o'clock, while the morning sun is yet low above the Long Island shore, the bugle, piping a shrill reveille, brings the men tumbling, the word is literally correct as a description of the naval novice's movements, from their hammocks. A sea bath, a breakfast that keen set appetite makes more delicious than any cordon bleu knows how to, and at eight o'clock the national flag mounts to the masthead, saluted with the *Star Spangled Banner* from the band on deck. Sick call, after breakfast, is a mere empty formality, and then begins the day's drill at the guns or in the boats.

The second day of last year's cruise was Sunday and drill was replaced by church parade and the inevitable rehearsal of the penalties that the articles of war visit upon mutiny and other high crimes and misdemeanors. Captain McAllister, of the *Chicago*, read the Episcopal service on the *New Hampshire's* main deck. Another event of the day was the arrival of the Naval Reserve contingent from Rochester, 50 strong, "fresh water tars from Lake Ontario" as the newspaper correspondents termed them.



Taking equipment aboard the *New Hampshire*.

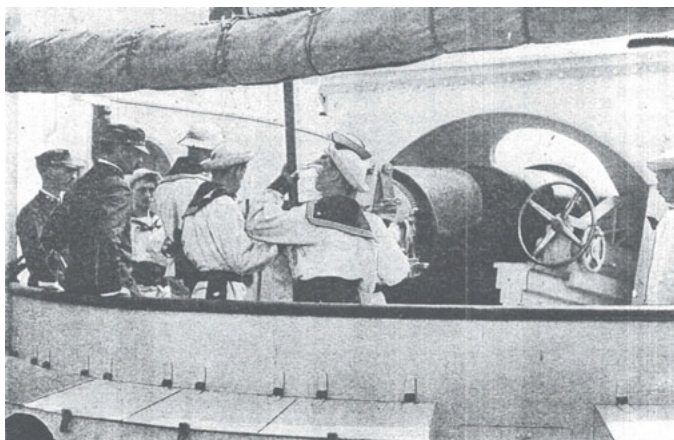
At the starboard gangway.



On board the *New Hampshire*, hoisting the Stars & Stripes.

The boats towing astern.





Gun drill, serving the great guns.

Monday was a day of gun drill on the *Chicago* and the *Atlanta*. In the morning the Reserve men were intermingled with the regular crews, in the afternoon they served the batteries alone. The magazines were opened, a powder division formed, guns loaded, aimed and everything but fired. That was reserved for the next day when the two cruisers put well out to sea for target practice, going five miles beyond the Sandy Hook lightship, itself ten miles beyond the Hook.

A driving mist and a strong southeasterly wind made it difficult work for the amateur gunners. Nevertheless they acquitted themselves creditably. Seventeen shots were fired from the six and eight-inch rifles of the *Chicago*. The last of them demolished the target, some barrels supporting a framework covered with black canvas; two-thirds of them, it was said, went near enough to have struck an enemy's ship. The Boston men, who had the advantages of fine weather and smooth sea, had made a record but slightly better.

The following day, Wednesday, July 20, will go down in history as that of the keenly fought but bloodless battle of Dyker's Meadows. Dyker's Meadows, as all New Yorkers should know, is the strip of low lying land between the scarped slopes of Fort Hamilton and the clustering cottages of Bath Beach. After a morning reconnaissance to select the battleground, early in the afternoon the 1st, 3rd, and 5th Divisions of the Reserve, with three companies of marines from the *Atlanta*, landed and took up their positions along the beach. This was the defending force with

Captain Miller in command. The attacking party, consisting of the 2nd and 4th Reserve Divisions and marines from the *Chicago*, put off in 13 boats an hour later.

The boats pushed shoreward at top speed, under cover of heavy volleys from the secondary batteries of the cruisers whose pretended missiles dealt imaginary death along the beach. The defenders, stretched full length among the grass and weeds, held their fire until the assailants were within 1,000 yards. Then their rifles spoke and the howitzers and rapid fire guns mounted in the boxes of the boats replied vigorously.

Amid this supposed storm of shot and shell the undaunted crews of the attacking flotilla beached their craft, landed their light field guns and charged up the beach, the opposing skirmish line falling back before them. The marines, in extended order, covered the skirmishers' retreat which, as well as the attack, was somewhat impeded by the inopportune intrusiveness of the spectators, of whom 5-6,000 fringed the edges of the field of action.

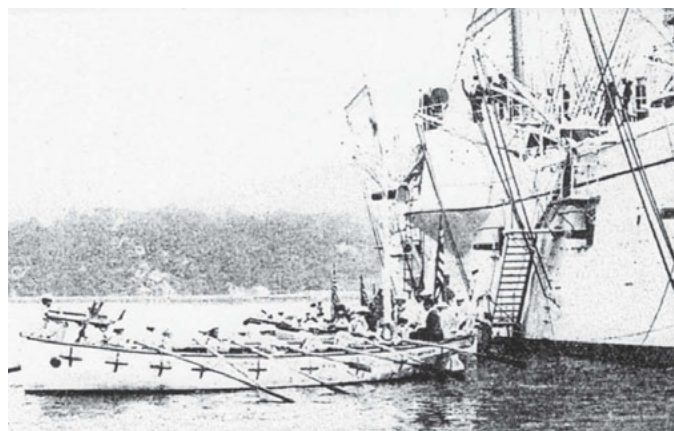
Behind a slight ridge Commander Miller had posted his reserves. These, when his first line fell back, came charging forward, a long line of white and blue that swept around the attacking force and drove them back to their boats. This ended the battle with the assault defeated, a just rebuke to the temerity of a lieutenant who dares to attack his superior officer.

The cruise ended with a visit on Thursday and Friday to the National Guard camp at Peekskill. Governor Flower, who was there,

inspected the battalion and made a complimentary speech. He declared himself "proud of the naval militia" and asserted that "a man who has served an apprenticeship in it is competent for almost any command." There was a dress parade ashore, at which 1,200 soldiers and sailors were mustered, and on the water there were races between the boats' crews of the five divisions of the Reserve. The first race ended in a dead heat between the 2nd and 4th Divisions, the second in a victory for the latter.

The average Reserve man's constitution is such that he seldom visits "sick bay," but accidents are inseparable from service on a warship and there were a few during last summer's cruise. During gun drill on the *Chicago*, for instance, some inexperienced hand turned a wrong screw and round flew a heavy training lever, dealing bruising blows to arms and bodies.

Last September, when the Reserve men were called out to protect Fire Island and its cholera suspected refugees from the indignant oystermen of the Great South Bay, their response was commendably prompt, although their tour of service proved uneventful. The battalion has now practically reached its full legal establishment of 320 men and the only drawback to its prosperity and efficiency is its lack, which it well deserves to have the state or national government supply without further delay, of permanent and proper quarters for drill.

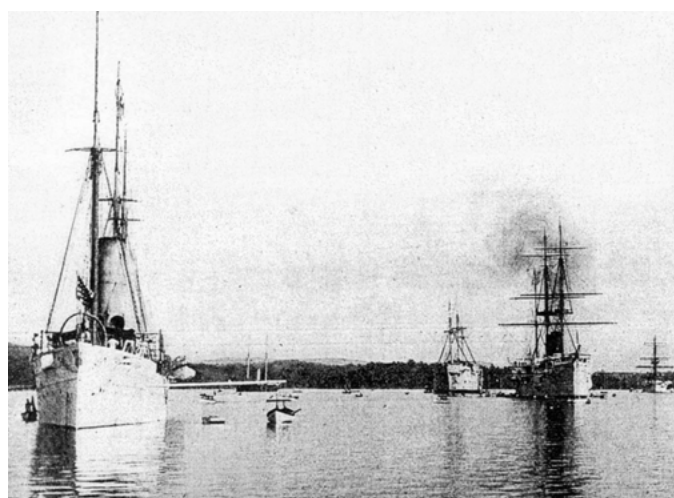


Armed and equipped for distant service.

The maneuvers in Gravesend Bay, ready to start.



The squadron at anchor off Peekskill.





Lough Ree.

After leaving Lough Erne in Northern Ireland, I threaded my way along the unfamiliar roads back into the Republic of Ireland, without the occasional mistake due to the difficulty of reading equally unfamiliar road signs. But I finally homed in on the massive turf fired power station at Lanesborough where the Shannon forms the boundary between the counties of Longford and Roscommon. I had decided to omit the 18-mile stretch of river between there and Dromod where I had ended the first stage of my cruise, as one piece of river is much like another and I was trying to have a sailing cruise.

Lanesborough, at the northern end of Lough Ree, opens up 18 miles of lake averaging two miles wide, well scattered with islands. And I chose there rather than Athlone at the southern end because remarkably the wind still held in the north. Equally remarkably it still did not rain! I found a marina with a slipway and, it being Sunday, I found the proprietor at his house in the town so we soon agreed £20 for launch, recovery and parking for car and trailer for a week or more. As usual on this cruise, it seemed to take me an awful long time to sort out and restow my gear and get *Jady Lane* in the water but also, as usual, there were the intervals of chatting about boats to locals who always spin things out.

I motored under the bridge and past the town quays into the small subsidiary lake below the town where I hoisted the mast, got the gear sorted and sails set, only to have to motor again through the tree shrouded channel into the Lough proper that stretched away south almost to the horizon. I ran on south in the afternoon sunshine until the island Inchenagh, where I landed for a walk and stopped for the night. But there I met, for the only time on my cruise, biting insects. These were horseflies (not clegs) and I suffered a severe attack as I walked on the island. So I had to admit defeat and fled southwards, fighting a concentrated rearguard action that eliminated my opponents by the time I reached the next island of Clawinagh.

There I was relieved to find shelter enough from the waves on the lake but breeze

Jady Lane in Irish Waters Part II

By Aidan de la Mare
Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising* #210
Bulletin of the Dinghy Cruising

(Aidan concludes his account of sailing *Jady Lane* in some of the most idyllic Irish freshwater cruising venues, this time the River Shannon, Lough Ree and Lough Derg.)

enough to keep cool in the heat of the afternoon and no biting insects. I was surprised and pleased that I had met no mosquitoes or midges at all, anywhere. And I wondered if that other patron of Ireland, Saint Ciaran, who lived beside the Shannon at Clonmacnoise, had followed the example of Saint Patrick with the snakes and banished them from the country.

Lough Ree is a particularly attractive and interesting sailing area; it is generally shallow but with plenty of water deep enough for safe navigation, although care must be taken to avoid several areas of rocks well out in the lake. There are islands aplenty, they and the shores are a good mix of woods and fields dotted with a few houses and farmsteads. The surrounding land, being quite flat, allows good clear breezes for sailing, but being a large area of fresh water, a sharp chop can soon get up in strong winds, although I doubt if it is any worse than the Solent with wind against tide. The fixed water level with no tides or currents makes cruising easier, but perhaps slightly less interesting and exciting.

Next day, the longest day of the year, was flat calm with bright sunshine, as perfect a summer morning one could experience. I motored across the mirror surface of the lake to the next island of Inchcleraun, hitting a rock with the motor and breaking the shear-pin while passing too close to the land. So I

rowed on to land at the remains of a primitive quay and replaced the pin before having a very pleasant walk on this particularly idyllic island, with its well kept but unmanned monastic ruins where surprisingly tame young cattle grazed.

I then motored on into Blackbrink Bay on the western shore and up the canalized river to Lecarrow Quay, passing in the river a formidable looking weed cutter in action. It was consuming most of the weed into its belly but left quite a lot floating in the river that made motoring a bit difficult. At the quay, amid much refurbishment work by Waterways Ireland, I shared my lunch with a local beggar chaffinch.

On returning to the lake I found enough wind to sail, albeit from the south. The long tack southwards was quite hard, calling for a reef halfway, although fortunately the water remained quite smooth so I didn't get wet, and for the first time I saw some boats out sailing. I headed for the southeast corner of the Lough and entered a complex of small lakes called Killinure Lough. But it was a mistake; I did not realize that it was much used for recreation by the people of Athlone, that is close by, and the home of the boy racers who spent the evening tearing up and down the Lough in their speedboats. But I crept into the rushes and in the end had a remarkably quiet night.

Camping Everywhere

Although I always slept on board, it seems probable that light camping is possible almost anywhere on the waterways, particularly on uninhabited islands, and may be possible at some of the quays with picnic areas. Bed and breakfast accommodation is plentiful in Ireland (a byproduct of the rebuilding of so much of the housing stock in rural areas) but parking a boat safely while staying there would be problematic. But there is certainly one on the quay at Dromineer on Lough Derg.

Next day I sailed round the corner to Athlone, lowering the mast and motoring under the series of three bridges to bring up on the town quay close to the lock and weir. There I

spent most of the day seeing the town, doing a bit of shopping and trying to find replacement shear pins for the motor, having found that I had only the one spare. I failed in this task in spite of much help from the local people. *Jady Lane* lay mostly unattended for hours at the public quay right in the middle of the town and no one molested her.

The town with its great church, built surprisingly as late as 1936, and largely old fashioned streets, has grown large areas of industry on its outskirts, as I found in my search for shearpins. But any reputation that it may have had for crime seems to have evaporated with the growing prosperity of recent decades. It is to be hoped that the present severe depression that is afflicting the Republic does not induce a return of this reputation. In the evening I departed through the lock and motored downstream to bring up for the night at the charmingly named Wren's Island.

Next day I motored on south for eight miles into quite a brisk breeze to the ancient religious site of Clonmacnoise situated on a ridge beside the river where there is a good jetty. The site, though now well cared for by the state and rather clinical in its presentation, still seems to retain some of the atmosphere that must have been very strong when 1,000 years ago, as the shrine of Saint Ciaran, it was the holiest place in Ireland and a great centre of pilgrimage. The Shannon continues its meandering course southwards for 36 miles before it reaches the next Lough, so I opted out of further motoring into the persistent southerly wind and set sail to return to Athlone, where I arrived just before the wind died for the night. I motored through the town and brought up behind Carberry Island just in Lough Ree.

Next day, taking it easy, I sailed on northwards to the peninsula of Warren or Rinsdown, there seems to be some doubt as to which it is called, where there is an inlet called Safe Harbour, and safe it is in anything except an easterly. I put into a tiny shallow bay just to the south that was even better protected from the wind and even from the wash of passing motorboats on the lake.

I walked the adjoining site of a deserted settlement where various unkempt ruins stood among the fields and woods, including a spectacular ivy clad castle of a scale that would make it a major tourist attraction in England, after due restoration by English Heritage. I stayed there the rest of the day, doing nothing (something I am rather good at, I ought to give lessons in it).

Next day I had a very good sail with a following wind the 12 miles back to Lanesborough where I stowed up and went under the bridge to recover at the marina slipway. I then drove off south to Portumna at the north end of Lough Derg, but finding that the harbour there has no slipway, I was advised to go across to the east side of the Lough to Terryglass, where indeed I found a perfect place to launch and park car and trailer, all free. Although I could have stayed in the harbour, I rowed *Jady Lane* a little way along the shore to bring up in the rushes under the ruined walls of Terryglass Castle for the night.

Lough Derg Yacht Club

Next day was a long slog to windward of some 12 miles, each time the lake allowed a slight change of course I hoped the wind would free a bit, but it didn't. I paused a couple of times for coffee and lunch behind suitable islands, and finally ran into Dromineer



Athlone.

on the deep bay on the east side of the Lough, where there is a good harbour dominated by a huge ivy covered castle, right on the quay. I went looking for a more secluded place for the night, and round the other side of the castle from the harbour, I found the Lough Derg Yacht Club and a tiny creek where a few small boats lay. The Club was deserted (it seems to be a habit in Ireland), so after making inconclusive enquiries among the locals, I rowed *Jady Lane* into the creek and moored under a tree in complete shelter and safety. I eventually made contact with the Club, and they were friendly and helpful, just as they were to Angela and Tom Rolt in 1948 as recorded in *Green and Silver*. I could stay there as long as I liked.

Shannon One-Design

I had come to Dromineer particularly to see the Shannon One-Design dinghies, but it was my bad luck that the most active owners had taken their boats to Athlone for a regatta there so there was no sailing at Dromineer that

weekend. The SODS, as they are called, are interesting boats with single gunter lugsails, but very long for their beam, the same proportions as Uffa Fox's jollyboat, and it is said (in Ireland) that he got the idea from the SODS. I had stayed an extra day because the wind was uncomfortably strong and from an unsuitable direction, but my disappointment at not being able to have a sail in one of them was more than compensated by being invited to sail with the local champion in a Laser SB3.

That was awe-inspiring; such speed under sail I have never experienced, and when I took the helm it was so easy to sail when I had expected a struggle, fingertip control even at 15 knots with the spinnaker set in Force 5. In spite of this thrilling experience I have no plans to change *Jady Lane* for something faster!

When I did leave Dromineer the weather took a turn against me. I sailed out on an overcast morning into a southwest wind with a reef down, and made quite good progress in the eastern part of the Lough

Safe harbour.



which was in the rain shadow of the Arra Mountains that dominate the southern shore, so at least I remained dry. Lough Derg, like Lower Lough Erne in Northern Ireland, but unlike the other lakes and rivers, is bordered by quite large mountains along the southern shore, and this makes for more interesting scenery, but induces more erratic winds and seems to make for more unsettled weather.

I did not head south into Killaloe Bay and the outlet of the Shannon, but continued southwestwards into light drizzly rain and lessening wind into Scarriff Bay that gradually narrowed to disappear into Scarriff River, which was difficult to find in the poor visibility. I had to motor the two miles to the spacious and recently refurbished harbour overlooked by the sumptuous offices of Waterways Ireland, albeit with very few other visiting boats. A reasonably short walk takes one to the small town on the hill above the river with a nice central open space, rare in Irish towns.

Ancient Monasteries

Ironically the next day was fine, but the wind was very light and had gone round to the east, just when I was hoping for a continuing brisk southwesterly to blow *Jady Lane* back up the Lough, as the date for my ferry back to England was drawing near. I therefore

Lunch break.

motored back down the river and out into the Lough where I sailed slowly to Holy Island still in Scarriff Bay. There I landed for a walk across the field dotted with orchids and other wild flowers to the well kept ruins of another of the ancient monasteries, complete with characteristic tall round tower, that seem to have flourished on the Loughs.

I then sailed on slowly, tacking for a while enjoying the views of the mountains across the scarcely ruffled water, before giving up and motoring on again, concerned at the forecast of strong winds on the next day. Eventually I reached the large island of Illaunmore and found a sheltered berth with some difficulty as the island is inhabited. In the end I didn't stay there, as there was quite a lot of shooting on the island. That may not have been as ominous as it sounded, but I decided to get further north before the wind strengthened. So I finished up in the harbour at Kilgarvan on the east shore that would allow me to get to my car at Terryglass quite easily if necessary.

The harbour was a bit disreputable, apparently being run by a local fishing club, with little input from Waterways Ireland, but I was made welcome and had good shelter for the night.

Next day I ran briskly north for the five miles to Terryglass before the breeze filled in too much. Then came the rather melan-


choly task of recovery and packing everything away for the homeward journey. But it was not actually the end of the "cruise" as there followed a week of sailing at Seafair Haven at Pembroke, where I was delighted to renew my acquaintance with a lot of DCA members, and make new friends as well. I am conscious that I have omitted any mention of that dinghy cruiser's staple, the public house. This does not imply my disapproval of such places, it is just that I did not visit one. But be assured that they are as ubiquitous there as they are here, and, I am told, just as good.

Luck with the Weather

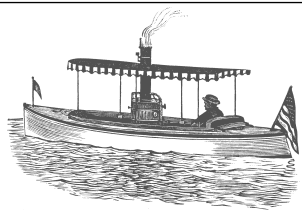
I can sum up by saying that I was exceptionally lucky with the weather, three weeks with no gale and practically no rain must be very unusual in Ireland. I did enough homework that I had no failures or unpleasant surprises and I had a very good boat and fortunately good health. So this cruise was a big success, surpassing my highest expectations. Go out and try it for yourselves.

My thanks to *Dinghy Cruising* Editor Keith Muscott for allowing me, as a non-member of the DCA, to submit this article. If I can help with any further information, readers are welcome to email me at aidan-dela-mare123@btinternet.com. Or you could write to me at: The Oaks, Basketts Lane, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight, PO41 0PY.





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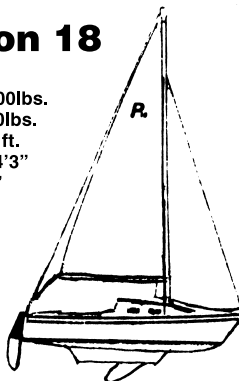
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I had to razzee *Kay* last year. *Kay* is my 16' sharpie that I built 16 years ago and have been sailing here on the Saugatuck River and Long Island Sound in western Connecticut. She was, for many years, a very convenient, easy and (once I changed the sail) fast little boat to spend half a day sailing about. The years took their toll, both on the boat and on myself. The amount of flex in the hull, especially at the mast partners, was becoming alarming, and the amount of pain I would experience after a day sailing sitting on the bottom of the boat was also alarming. Since the restoration of my 19' sailing dory was nearing completion, I decided to convert *Kay* into a rowboat.

The only part that I had to remove was the leeboard, a matter of undoing a bolt. I left the rudder gudgeons in place in case I wanted to row her with a coxwain. For that I had a smaller rudder with tiller ropes left over from another sailboat that rotted away years ago. *Kay* was built with two sets of oarlocks, the forward set for the forward seat/mast partner and the midships set of oarlocks I used sitting on a cooler of the correct height. I decided to build a seat for this set of oarlocks, which involved little seat risers bolted and glued to the plywood sides, and a seat of 3/4" plywood. This seat was installed 12" forward of the oarlocks. For the comfort of the passenger (if any) I built a stern seat using the same materials.

The sternsheets did not turn out so well, three sides have bevels, two of which change over their length, but no matter. I had to piece the 3/4" ply for the seat out of two smaller pieces using glue and biscuits (didn't want to buy another piece of 3/4" plywood). The usual repair of the winter aggravated hull rot, followed by paint and *Kay* was ready to go.

At which point I ran into the Law of Unintended Consequences. *Kay* was now too heavy for me to easily lift onto the ladder racks of my van. I keep *Kay* at our local beach, where I pay for the privilege of keeping her on a hand trailer within 50 yards of a ramp. Very handy, but on the other side of the river from our house. I finally did get her up onto the van and over to the beach but it was no fun.

So now I go trashpicking. The Saugatuck River is a tidal estuary in western Long Island Sound, about a mile from the river mouth to

Trashpicking

By James Flint

the first bridges, then another mile or so to the head of navigation. The head of navigation without becoming a coarse yachtsman that is, a coarse yachtsman spends part of his day treading on the bottom of the sea. This part of the river has riverside houses, businesses, bars, yacht clubs, boat clubs, rowing clubs and is crossed by four bridges; highway, railroad and what we call surface roads. Oh, and the local golf club. This means lots of trash floating about. Mostly I find styrofoam cups from various coffee shops, plastic bags with takeout food wrappings, beer and soda bottles and cans, and construction debris.

At the golf course I find golf balls. One day I collected a full bucket of balls and took them back to the golf course. Almost got run off by management but was rescued by the driving range ball picker who took my bucket with what seemed to be heartfelt thanks. At the rowing club I find empty bottles of Gatorade. Haven't had the nerve to talk to them yet about this.

I've participated in the Ocean Conservancy Coastal Cleanup for the last two years, lots of fun and lots of trash. That is where I developed the best trashpicking method yet: A kid sits in the bow seat with a reachy grabby thing and I sit in the stern rowing facing forward, with various bags and buckets amidships to sort the plunder, ram the bow into the weeds and pick it all out. A reachy grabby thing is a good tool, better and quicker than a net, a claw at the end of a 2' stick, opened and closed by a trigger. I can reach things without leaning, pick them up without touching them, turn over cans and bottles to empty yucky contents, and the kids love to use them. Very robotic.

People's reactions to trashpicking are varied. Most are amazed that so much stuff can be found in the water. Some wonder if I'm being paid (no). One guy misheard me, thought I was talking about fishing, asked if they were good to eat. I do find good stuff, lumber and boating equipment mostly on the water. Trashpicking on land is fun, too,

using the aforementioned tool I can walk at almost normal pace picking up stuff along the way. Beaches are best done from the shore, but everywhere else is probably better from a small boat on a rising tide.

When *Kay* does finally succumb, I have ideas for a new boat (surprise); a purpose built garvey, maybe 15', electric motor, side by side seating just forward of greatest beam, deep cycle batteries, sun awning with solar cells, kept on a trailer. Actually this sounds like a Bolger & Friends Lily, now that I think of it.

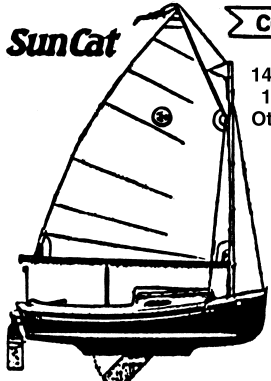
Getting trash out of the water should become a fulltime industry. The amount of trash sent out to sea from the Japanese earthquake/sunami defies imagination. The reports from the Pacific and Atlantic oceans gyres are heartbreaking accounts of trash collections scattered over hundreds of square miles, the plastics photo degrading, the fishing lines snaring fish, mammals and birds, the appalling waste of it all. I envision fleets of ships out there in mid ocean, maybe retired whale processing ships with attendant oil boom skimmer boats, eventually purpose built steel ships with azimuthing drives, IST Energy trash-to-energy GEM units, forward looking sonar and unmanned drones for trash acquisition, rounding up the trash, sorting the reusable from recyclable, processing the plastic into new plastic articles, using the unusable for energy to power the ships and boats to keep doing it until the oceans are clean again.

When these ships have to come to land to refit and recover they could dock in some economically depressed island paradise where they could collect trash, make electricity, clean the plastics off the beaches. Then we can start working on the bottom of the sea...

For further reading: Chad Pergracke wrote a book about cleaning up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers: *From the Bottom Up*, his website is www.livinglandandwaters.com.

A good discussion, although probably dated by now, of the problem of plastics in the oceans can be found in the book, *The World Without Us*, by Alan Weisman, published in 2008.

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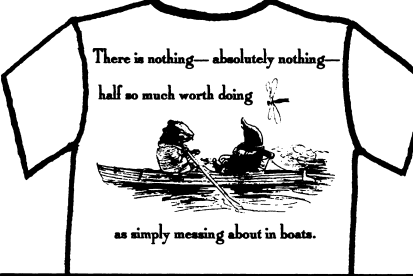
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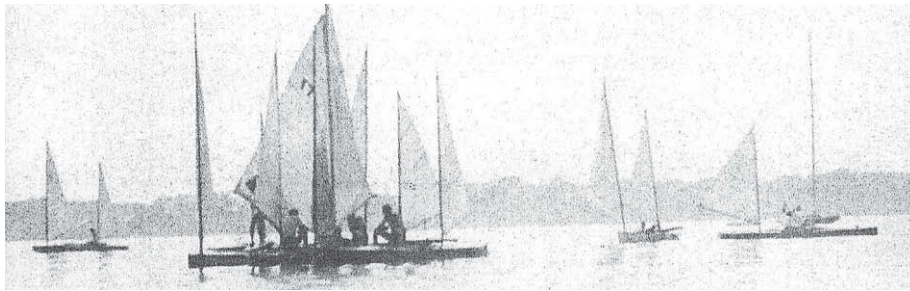
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Trying Out a 16x30 Decked Canoe

Jackie Perlmutter and I were the only teenagers sailing with the City Island fleet of decked canoes when I first began to race and sail. Even though I had never sailed a 16x30, Jackie asked me if I would like to take his boat out for a sail and, since I didn't own a boat at that time, I said "absolutely." The boat was a 16'x30" ketch rigged craft with a hoop rigged, loose footed main, a small mizzen mast and sail, a narrower, shorter, hiking board than the canoes of that year. Still, I really looked forward to the sail. From watching Jack sail, I knew the boat was tender but was totally unprepared for its total nervousness!

On a lovely, sunny, Saturday, with a typical southwester blowing about 8-10 knots in Eastchester Bay, I sailed out of Ratliff's easily on a nice tack, applying all the same principles I knew from the sloop rigged 17' decked canoes with which I was now quite familiar.

In a short time, I was working the sliding seat constantly and having a tough time setting a course and maintaining it. No doubt my total inexperience was a tremendous



A very beautiful old glass plate showing 16x30s either in the 1920s but possibly in the 1930s. The ketch-rigged 16x30 preceded the sloop rigged hulls.

My City Island Days Part 3

By Fay Jordaens

Early IC Sailing/Racing Days

handicap, and after two tacks, I was done with the 16x30! I came about, pointed the boat towards Ratliff's float, grateful not to have embarrassed myself by capsizing and with a brand new respect for Jack Perlmutter! Approaching the float, I yelled to Jack, "I hate this boat!" When I safely brought his boat in, he was doubled up with laughter!

The 16x30 era preceded the Whitman "Manana" era and while there were many of them around City Island in the late 1940s when I began to sail, few samples of the boat survived. Other than Jack Perlmutter's boat, I never saw another ketch rigged 16x30 in an official ACA City Island race, from late 1946 to the 1990s, when we sold our Grant's Boat club (a later story to come).

Jibe Cats

In the August 1941 issue of *Mechanix Illustrated*, the magazine ran an article about Jibe Cats, an invented title for a Decked Canoe. They published five pictures of intense sailing maneuvers by a barefoot Frank Jordaens as he sailed his decked canoe #35 off City Island.

Quoting from the article, "They are the sail canoeists, the craziest, racingest, wildest men afloat. They claim to have the most exciting sport in the world and there is considerable evidence to back up their claim. True, there are sail canoeing fanatics who go in for Egyptian sail cloth, duralumin rudders and other such esoterics which can run costs up to national debt totals."

The writer suggested that, "in order to sail a 'Jibe Cat' one need have the agility of a monkey, the strength of a midwestern football tackle and the tactical genius of a panzer general and a chess champion." He continues, "If you don't believe it, let's take a spin around a racing course with Frank Jordaens, one of the best, who is a favorite to win the National Championship in sail canoe racing at the meet to be held over the Labor Day weekend this year."

The craft is described as being 16' long and a "scant 30" wide" carrying "135 square feet of sail." He adds, "We'll watch Frank Jordaens as his sleek decked craft slips away from the Island Canoe Club, City Island, for a trial run." The author wrote about five

amusing pages before he got to his last paragraph, "But the real wild men among the jibe cats are the sailors of Sheepshead Bay. They go out into the open sea no matter what the weather. They add years to the Coast Guard's age every summer."

It was hard for us to believe that Lou Whitman of Sheepshead Bay and his fellow sailors could be referred to as "wild men" without enjoying a little chuckle. However, there were facts in this article, as well as pictures, that helped to preserve the history and the evolution of the decked canoe from its inception in the late 1800s to the revised Steve Clark decked canoe as it appears today.

Frank "monkeying" around in his 1941 "Jibe-Cat



A Perfect Day at the Phoenix Club

As we barreled down the Belt Parkway on our way to Lindenhurst, Long Island, on a beautiful summer day, Frank Jordaens and I vocalized along with Al Martino as he sang "Jealous Heart" on the car radio. It was a great time to be young, WWII was over and, at 26, Frank was safely home from the War and I was a senior in high school. We met at the City Island Canoe Club where we raced decked canoes, but on this day we were in Frank's yellow convertible on our way to the Phoenix Club, owned by four decked boat sailors and we looked forward to the day.

The Phoenix Club was a former waterfront home constructed on pilings which the new owners converted into a club for their boats. Their waterfront property had a small but adequate dock for the decked boats, and when we stood on it and faced the house we had a good view of the Phoenix. Entering the clubhouse from the dock, a large living room with fireplace was the first room into which one stepped and forward, deeper into the building, slightly to the left, a small kitchen was visible. To the right, a staircase led to upstairs bedrooms where the owners slept during race week.

The ACA scheduled many official races at the Phoenix Canoe Club before it was unfortunately turned to ashes when an arsonist set it ablaze, burning up Lou Whitman's green *Manana 1* (more in a later story) and one of Danny Zwart's canoes, but on this summer weekend, our friends were waiting for our arrival. Adolph Morse, Joe Farrugia, Danny Zwart, Murray Abramhoff, Lou Whitman, John Stierstorfer and the Fishman brothers had their boats all rigged up and launched, sails fluttering, when we arrived.

Adolph's wife Mel, clad in her white one piece bathing suit, sat on the float, legs dangled in the water, as she watched her daughter Janis play in the shallow waters of Great South Bay with friends Joanie and Bobbie Whitman.

Frank changed clothes and immediately rigged up his boat while I changed into a bathing suit, then went down to the thickly sanded beach for a swim. Eugene Jesse, whom I knew from City Island, sailed onto the beach and asked if I would like to take "his" boat for a spin.

"Sure," I replied, thrilled at my good luck. As I sailed past the float, a chorus of voices yelled at me, "bring that boat back here!" which, of course, I did. It seems that Eugene offered me a sail, not on his boat, but on Murray's, and the Abramhoff's were not amused!

Soon the fleet headed for the course, about three miles east of the club. Unfortunately Murray capsized, dislocated his shoulder and was hospitalized. His boat was sailed into a nearby club and Frank phoned the Phoenix to ask if someone would drive me to this club to sail Murray's boat back to the Phoenix. I sailed back in a glorious, hefty wind with puffs so intense that they smacked down the seas and left a collection of cat's paws all over the Bay. Running parallel to the beach, I broad reached Murray's boat to the Phoenix in one tack in what seemed like minutes. Once there, we unriggered, changed clothes and enjoyed dining with our friends. Then we headed home for City Island. A perfect day!

On a grey, sunless and stormy September day during a northeaster, John Hain and I contemplated a sail in a gale! Johnny and I thought it would be great fun to see if two people could hold the canoe down in such heavy winds. "I'm game if you are, let's rig your boat." (John's boat was in Jersey). Our only ground rule was that the person on the end of the hiking board would man the 7' board and the sliding tiller while the person nearest the cleats would take care of the sheets when we came about. As we changed tacks, we automatically changed positions on the board and swapped responsibilities. Foolishly, life jackets never came to mind.

We started off like a shot, flying into the more open waters in Eastchester Bay. Once we got past the anchorage it seemed that the wind had picked up and we had more difficulty holding the canoe upright. We had tacked once when Johnny, in back of me on the board, was washed overboard! Since I couldn't see him I wasn't immediately aware of it, but the sudden lunge of the boat when it almost capsized, forced me to look around to see if 200lb Johnny was still on board. When I saw his bald head as it bobbed in our wake,

Sail of a Lifetime

astern of the boat, I circled around and luffed up alongside of him.

Laughter had rendered him helpless as he flung his upper torso over the hiking board on the leeward side of the boat. The wind was howling and whistling through the stays, and those seas were high. "Let's go!" I shouted, tightening the sheets, and off we went again like a bullet with Johnny hugging the board as both of us laughed. His legs dragged in the water and his weight in the water was dragging the boat over. I luffed up again. He shouted above the noise of the wind, "wait 'til I'm on the board!" Luffing into the wind stopped the canoe but the loud fluttering sails combined with the noise of the wind and whistling stays made for shouted conversations. Capsizing backwards became a real possibility. We could not stop laughing at our own ineptitude in gale winds. We spilled a lot of wind that day. Finally he scrambled aboard the canoe and took the position of manning the sheets and cleats while I was on the end of the board, tiller in hand.

Then, as we came about, I was washed over the side and Johnny never knew it! "Johnny," I yelled in vain as I watched him sail away. Again, it was the loss of my weight on the board that tipped him off to the fact that I was overboard. Once I was back aboard we decided that we would jibe about and possibly keep better track of one another. Jibing was equally treacherous. Between the wind strength, cresting waves as John and I slipped and slid all over the varnished hull, both laughing so hard that we were more in danger of drowning from laughter than anything else!

Amazingly we never capsized or broke anything. Twice the hiking board was sucked into the high waves on the leeward side of the boat on the come about and we almost went over. Instinctively we lunged to the windward side of the boat, luffed up, loosened the sails and pulled the board out of the water. Once the rain started to pelt our bodies, actually stinging our faces, we decided to head for home. The wind had shifted to the northwest so that we broad reached our way to the boat house, eventually dropped the main and sailed on the jib alone. Exhausted, exhilarated, but still laughing, Johnny and I talked about that sail the rest of our lives.

Historic Vignette

City Island Canoe & Yacht Club

This is how the City Island Canoe and Yacht Club looked when I joined it in the late 1940s. We walked our decked boats down the ramp, hopefully not on low tide, to race them. This club was the hub of IC activities for 25 years before the upper deck burned down. The properties on either side of this club conducted a land fill war and almost squeezed the club out of business. Today this club owns the properties on both sides.



The International Scene

Is it Fiji or Tonga that owns the remote Minerva Reefs (two submerged atolls named after the wrecked whale ship *Minerva*)? The question became important when two Tongan patrol boats drove off a lone Fijian patrol boat. Any conflict will be limited; tiny Fiji has 3,500 soldiers, no air force and nine patrol boats; and the tinier Tonga has 500 soldiers, one maritime patrol airplane and three patrol boats plus a royal yacht. (The quarrel is really over Tonga's providing refuge to a fleeing dissenter, a member of a prominent Fijian family.)

Danish shipping giant Maersk is deep into the green scene. Its latest environmental policy is to reduce to a minimum the amount of illegally logged tropical hardwoods in the floors of its shipping containers.

Shipping companies are trying to ensure that the mega container ships on order will have an adequate supply of containers by trying to fix ten-year charters for feeder ships of about 1,100teu capacity.

At one point during the month, the trans-Pacific rate per loaded 40' container was down to \$1,932.

Increasing production in the US of shale gas and oil as a result of fracking (fracturing the shale layers in which gas and oil are trapped) should reduce by 5% the average tonne miles of oil cargo shipped, especially from Middle East to the US. Attention in the Middle East became focused on the Asian market. And major flooding along the Mississippi River drastically cut coal shipments southward and that affected bulkier traffic in the Gulf of Mexico.

Thin Places and Hard Knocks

Ships ran aground: In Columbia, the bulkier *Chios Wind* ran aground in the River Magdalena and that blocked access to the port of Barranquilla for five days. As a result, at least seven ships were diverted to the nearby ports of Santa Maria and Cartagena. The German-owned deep sea salvage tug *Uranus* finally arrived and pulled out the harbor's cork.

Ships collided: At night, the container ship *Euros London* collided with and sank the 165' pogy fishing boat *Sandy Point* about eight miles south of Gulfport, Mississippi, and three of its crew of 16 died.

Worldwide, shore installations took a beating. In New Zealand, the container ship *Maersk Dabou* punched a large hole in its side when it hit the Beach Street Wharf at Port Chalmers.

In the UK at Littlehampton, the dredger *Arco Dee* lost control in high winds and its superstructure scraped a concrete wall. No holes this time.

At Odessa, the container ship *RHL Fidelitas* lost its ability to reverse and slammed into a pilot boat and the wharf while trying to dock. The pilot boat sank and the pier needed extensive repairs.

And at Karmoy in Norway, so much gravel was unloaded from the *Nyffjeli* that the pier collapsed.

Fires and explosions took a toll: In Thailand at Laem Chabang, the container ship *MOL Aqua* had a fire and explosion in a cargo hold as it was berthing.

In Sweden at Trollhatten, fire broke out in a load of scrap cars on the cargo/container ship *Rebecca Rousing*. A port crane lifted off the scrap to allow access to the fire, and it was extinguished but then broke out again.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Humans got hurt or killed: At a Singapore shipyard, a welder and a nearby worker were killed when fumes exploded in a tank on a barge. The tank had been painted a few days earlier.

At Port Manatee in Florida a dockworker died when he lost his footing and fell about 25' down a shaft between a load and the side of a ship.

An overloaded crane collapsed at a Vietnamese shipyard, killing two South Korean workers and injuring two others.

At Mexico's Veracruz, three crewmembers of a Greek flagged cargo ship loading maize died of asphyxiation when the door to a cargo hold accidentally swung shut and trapped them inside. (The bulkier was probably the *Chios Destiny*.)

Humans were (sometimes) rescued alive: Alaskan Coast Guard helicopters found the bodies of five clamdiggers on mudflats southwest of Kalgin Island in Cook Inlet. They had been digging for razor clams and what happened to their 20' skiff was unclear.

At Blacks Harbour, New Brunswick, the ro-ro ferry *Grand Manan V* failed to reach its dock, hitting a nearby ledge. Its bow then swung around and hit the dock. About 100 passengers and 18 crewmen were helped ashore from the ferry in its awkward perch on the ledges. Failure for one engine to go into reverse was the probable cause of the accident.

An injured sailor was brought into Bermuda for treatment of serious burns to his hands after an accident on board the container ship *Washington Express*. He was picked up by the pilot boat at Five Fathom Hole off St David's and the container ship continued on its way from Germany to Charleston, South Carolina.

Offbeat things happened: Somewhere in the Bering Sea, a Coast Guard C-130 helped a Coast Guard vessel by dropping enough spare parts onto the cutter *Bertholf* to enable repair of its helicopter.

In India, the product tanker *Pratibha Neera* gave Vishakhapatnam Port authorities a major scare when it developed a severe list while loading. Problems with regulating the loading compensating ballast were the probable cause.

Gray Fleets

Two officers and two others of the Indian Navy died when a floodgate collapsed at the naval dockyard at Visakhapatnam on that nation's east coast.

In New York City for Fleet Week, a US Marine was struck and killed by a car about 200 yards from his ship, the helicopter carrier *USS Iwo Jima (LHD 7)*.

A lieutenant commander on the Royal Navy frigate *HMS Richmond* was sent home from anti-piracy patrolling because of a seven-month affair with a leading seaman (a female). His father is a Rear Admiral and former head of naval training.

The commanding officer of the US Navy's Blue Angels flight team was relieved of his command at his request. He had led the team into a lower than planned maneuver during an air show at Lynchburg, Virginia.

In Alaska, the commanding officer of the *USCGC Anacapa* was temporarily relieved of his command after superiors lost confidence in his ability to command. The vessel is a 110' patrol boat.

The Royal Australian Navy apologized to Britain, Malaysia, Singapore and New Zealand because the submarine *HMAS Decainex*, which was to play the enemy submarine during anti submarine Exercise Bersama Shield in the South China Sea, couldn't make it. The sub had to sit out the exercise in Singapore with "propulsion problems." Making matters worse for the Ozzies was the discovery that just before the exercise the Navy newspaper *Navy News* had written an imaginative and complimentary article on the sub's daring performance in the exercise. High brass was not amused.

What does a nation do when it gets rid of its carrier-based aircraft but wants to have a few carrier-trained fliers? It sheds its national pride and looks for alternative schemes. Since the UK has deleted its Harrier aircraft and its last aircraft carrier, naval fliers will serve on American carriers and be trained to fly F-18s, a plane the UK does not plan to operate. The flyers will form the basic training cadre when the Royal Navy once again has naval jet aircraft (probably a variant of the US Joint Strike Fighter F-35) sometime in the next decade. And 30 Royal Navy fliers will serve on the French aircraft carrier *Charles de Gaulle* as soon as they learn enough French in a Parisian school. They will then join the air wing of the *Charles de Gaulle* for three years to gain experience flying French Rafale jets.

The French are also looking for win-win options. That nation has the one aircraft carrier while the UK has none but has two 60,000-ton biggies abuilding, although one will be put into storage as soon as it is completed. As a win-win option, French naval authorities have been pondering cooperative schemes in which that second carrier might fly the tricolor at times. As a French admiral explained, "It would be useful to each have a national carrier and then have an extra carrier, not as expensive and for training uses only for UK and French use."

For his 90th birthday the Duke of Edinburgh was made the Lord High Admiral of the Royal Navy. Her Majesty had held the office of the titular head of the Navy since 1964 but passed it on to her husband as he celebrated his ninth decade. The office dates from the 14th century.

White Fleets

At Gibraltar, a sullage tank on the North Mole exploded and that triggered a string of frantic activities. Sullage is usually defined as being greywater, the wastewater generated from domestic activities such as laundry, dishwashing and bathing. In this case, sullage meant a mixture of oil and water. Sullage is not to be confused with ullage, the unused space in a nearly filled tank. The first was to rescue the two men who had been welding on the tank's top. They were badly burned and one had life threatening burns. Also needing help were 12 passengers (mostly minor burns and one fracture) on the cruise ship *Independence of the Seas*, which was moored near the burning tank and the ship's master then hurriedly took his ship to sea, leaving two passengers behind. Three tugs operated by a local company were among the first responders. Two tugs set to work to help vacate the

area of vessels, including fuel-laden bunker barges, before starting to spray the tanks adjacent to the fire to help cool them down.

Meanwhile, the tug *Egerton*, crewed by off-duty employees who had run down to the port to offer their assistance, took on the task of moving a barge named *Slop 107* that was docked next to the exploded tank and carrying fluids similar to what was in the burning tank. When the *Egerton* arrived at the scene, its crew found the company's tug *Sun Swale* up against the quay next to the fuel barge, spraying water on the tanks on land. Getting the barge underway was not easy; *Slop 107* was tied up to two bollards and the initial plan was for someone to approach along quay and cut the ropes, allowing *Egerton* to tow it away but the fire intensified and it became too hot and too risky for land based personnel to help. So the master of the *Egerton* pushed the barge against the quay, allowing two brothers to jump across and release the ropes. They were sprayed with water by the crew on the *Sun Swale* to give them some protection from the heat.

The *MSC Opera* had to be towed to Sweden after an engine room blast cause a massive power failure in the Baltic Sea. Readers know what "no power" means, no toilets, lights, air conditioning, or hot food; in short, much like steerage class was a century ago.

At Copenhagen, while leaving port, the *Costa Magica*, with a pilot on board, ran onto a sandbar without harming a single passenger. A tug pulled the ship free the same day.

A women with symptoms of a stroke was heli-evacuated by an Alaska based Coast Guard chopper from the *Celebrity Millennium*.

In the state of Washington at Woodville, a tour bus carrying 46 passengers from the *Sapphire Princess* had mechanical problems. First, it ran across the community's award winning traffic circle, made it around the next traffic circle but not the third, and finally hit two cars along the way before being stopped by two large boulders. No one in the bus was hurt.

Norway was not kind to some cruise ships. While boarding passengers at Bergen, Norway, the *Costa Deliziosa* broke free, tearing off two bollards and a large chunk of the wharf. Fifty feet of the pier were destroyed and walkways plunged into the sea. After some cleaning up, the final one hundred passengers were boarded and the ship departed towards Geiranger. The beautiful fjord there is visited by 140-180 cruise ships during the four month cruise season.

And at Kristiansand, the *Oriana* acquired a large dent in her stern after colliding with the dockside in Norway. The vessel was beginning to maneuver away from the quayside when a combination of high winds and fierce tidal conditions resulted in *Oriana's* stern striking the corner of the solid stone dock, damaging a water pipe and a fiberoptic cable. Nobody was hurt and the ship was able to head to Southampton with 1,800 passengers on board.

In 2009, a woman slippe°d on a pool deck on the *Carnival Pride* and suffered a fractured kneecap and that required at least six surgeries. She sued, claiming that the cruise company knew the deck was slippery by nature and knew of other falls on the *Pride* and other ships in its fleet. She also claimed that she will need one or two complete knee replacements in the future. A US judge awarded her a total of exactly \$2,998,155.70.

Those That Go Back and Forth

In Scotland, the £25 million ferry *Finlaggan* was the first new large ferry in the Calmac fleet in ten years and the first new ferry to serve Islay in 40 years, but the new vessel broke down with engine problems that cancelled its inaugural voyage. The problem was an "unexplained component failure of the port engine."

The *Leonora Christina*, one of the world's largest high speed ferries at 371' (113 metres), 1,400 passengers and 357 cars, allided with a freshwater supply vessel at the entrance of the Suez Canal. The damage was not serious enough to stop the vessel continuing through the Suez Canal on its delivery voyage but it will arrive in Denmark with a depressing depression in its side.

The old (1965) ferry *Grand Manan V* made an unconventional and unsuccessful landing at its wharf at Blacks Harbour, New Brunswick. It hit a ledge and then its bow swung around and hit the pier. About 100 passengers and 18 crewmen had to be helped off the ferry from its awkward perch on the ledge. Loss of the ability to reverse one engine was the probable cause.

In Indonesia, at least 27 people died when a passenger ferry capsized off Indonesia's Borneo but more than 70 people were rescued. The ferry was carrying four crewmembers and more than 100 passengers when it capsized and sank about two hours after the ship departed from Tanjung Dewa.

Legal Matters

In an unpublished decision, a US Appeals Court confirmed that the manufacturers of a recreational vessel and its engine were liable for injuries if a propeller blade cut and severely injured a swimmer.

Imports

Refugees fleeing the recent "Arab Spring" series of revolts and overthrown rulers increased the already massive illegal immigration problem for other nations. Typical was the 100' fishing vessel *Wave*. With high hopes for better lives for those onboard, it set out from Tripoli in Libya with maybe 850 refugees from Mali, Ghana, Burkina Faso, Ivory Coast, Morocco, Pakistan and Bangladesh but ran aground and capsized off the Tunisian coast. Rescue forces were able to save 578 men, women and children and the reader can do the remaining arithmetic. The survivors were sent to a refugee camp at Ras Ajdir near the Libyan border.

Nature

Hydrophone using scientists located some rare right whales in a region off Greenland where they were thought to be extinct.

Southern California has the world's first hybrid tugs, the purpose built *Carolyn Dorothy* and a converted sister, the *Campbell Foss*. European designers have been developing hybrid designs, too, and the Dutch tug *RT Adriaan* will be retrofitted with basically similar hybrid systems that combine main diesel engines, electric motors and batteries. All three tugs basically use electric power except for tasks (high speed transits or ship assist) that require more power, and that is when the main engines are started and used.

Metal-Bashing

She may look like an oversized, over-specified shrimp trawler but an as yet unnamed vessel and a 2009 delivered sis-

ter named *Poncho* will trawl for old tires, scrap metal and any other scrap at the sites of decommissioned oil rigs in the Gulf of Mexico. US laws require that such sites be left clean enough to allow the typical Gulf shrimp boat to safely use its trawls.

Shell has decided to go ahead with construction of the world's first Floating Liquefied Natural Gas facility. This "vessel" will process gas from offshore fields and cool it into liquefied natural gas. The FLNG facility will be immense at 1,600' (488 metres) long and a displacement of about 600,000 tons (about six times the largest aircraft carrier). Some 260,000 tons of that displacement will be steel (as the Australian press release parochially notes, that is about five times the steel used in the Sydney Bridge). A South Korean yard will build what will be the world's largest floating offshore facility.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

In 2010, Somalian pirates attacked 4,185 seafarers with firearms and rocket propelled grenades; 342 seafarers were rescued from citadels (ships' reinforced security rooms), 1,090 seafarers were taken hostage, 516 seafarers were used as human shields and as many as 488 seafarers were subjected to abuse or torture. Currently more than 400 mariners are held captive along with more than 20 vessels. Piracy increases the cost of international commerce by \$12 billion a year.

Piracy, Somalia style, is big business with the actual pirates getting only pennies of each ransom dollar. There is even an actual stock exchange (at Harardheere and established way back in 2009) that may list more than 70 entities that sell shares in pirate activities. As one participant bragged, "We've made piracy a community activity." Somalia also has five banks eager and able to launder pirate money. Perhaps international sanctions are needed to complement the busy but relatively ineffective patrols by the warships of many nations?

Odd Bits

The *Felicity Tenacity*, carrying 23,500 tons of propane, ran a gauntlet of vessel abuse during the recent Japanese tsunami. First, it broke free and rammed into the bulker *China Steel Integrity* and was then battered in turn by numerous smaller boats and tugs before it hit a jetty, which opened a gash in its side. The vessel started taking on water into the engine room but soon ran aground. It was repeatedly freed and then trapped again as tides came and went, and that sequence damaged and bent the rudder. The ship remained at anchor for at least two weeks before its dangerous cargo was discharged and the ship could limp to a repair yard.

NOAA's Office of Coastal Survey now uses Twitter to keep customers abreast of critical chart corrections and new chart editions. See www.twitter.com/nauticalcharts.

Head-Shaker

In May, the bulker *Double Prosperity*, which departed Australia for India with 65,351 metric tons of coal, ran aground on Bacud reef that runs along Sarangani Bay in the Philippines. The ship's captain admitted to officials that he had moved his ship closer to the mainland merely to establish solid cell-phone signals.



Left and below: Bruce Slifer applied some Yankee ingenuity to sanding the mast. Great job, Bruce!



Chuck and Harold lowering a deck section into place.

A sticky (epoxy) day!



Brad Story (left) who has built over 50 boats in his native Essex, was a great mentor for Harold. The fabled Essex schooner builder Arthur D. Story was Brad's grandfather.



Boatbuilding with Burnham

The ongoing saga of the building of the pinky schooner *Ardelle*

Reprinted from Harold Burnham's Blog
Created by Laurie Fullerton

What Happened in June

Bruce Slifer finished off the mast (with some sanding help from Charles Burnham) and did so in near 100° heat.

Harold and Justin Ingersoll built the rudder.

Davis Griffith built a bowsprit and Frances Cleary worked on the rudder.

The cabins and engine were taken out of the *Maine* and put into the *Ardelle*.

The deck went on, it was a sticky job with the epoxy laid on thick and the mahogany screwed down tight, a big job done in good dry weather.

The stanchions went up, along with the bulwarks and deck boxes.

Steve Willard faired the hull and as he is an epic worker it was done quite quickly.

It was great to see old and new friends around the yard, some the old crew back who worked with Harold on the *Fame*, *Isabella*, *Lannon* and other projects. We also had Nate Piper stop by, he is involved in a gundalow building project in Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Nancy Dudley and the crew from the Essex Shipbuilding Museum have done an amazing job bringing kids to the yard from all over the country. One of the last few days of school was a special day at the yard for the kids from right here in Essex. The elementary school here has been a big supporter of the *Ardelle*. Over the winter the second graders, with the help of the very talented Daisy Nell and her band, composed a song about a mouse that stowed away on the *Ardelle*. Daisy has written a children's book called the *Stowaway Mouse*, which can be heard on a YouTube video

We have been fortunate to have a lot of hardworking youths coming by to haul, paint, clean out the bilge, carry heavy items from the *Maine* and generally do a lot of grunt work. As school ended for the summer some 16 and unders did a great job on all of these and more. Their reward was pizza under the tree and a good time was had by all. Our thanks to you all, you are great!

Late in the month the tide was high and lapping at the keel. The *Ardelle* was close to being ready to splash [at press time, July 1, the launch date was set for July 9—Ed]. Essex shipbuilders always launched their schooners before the heat of summer and we are trying to stick with that tradition as best we can. At this time of year our loyal shipwrights are looking at the good sailing weather and everyone is keen to go sailing, too, while some of them still have their own boats to get into the water.

On the Saturday while the deck epoxy was curing we all took time out after lunch to go onboard our schooner *Maine* for one last ride down river before she is, well, put down. The *Maine* will be just an historic relic after we remove cabin tops and other items from her over the next few days. It was great to have one more sail on this great boat. We have had some fun on her!



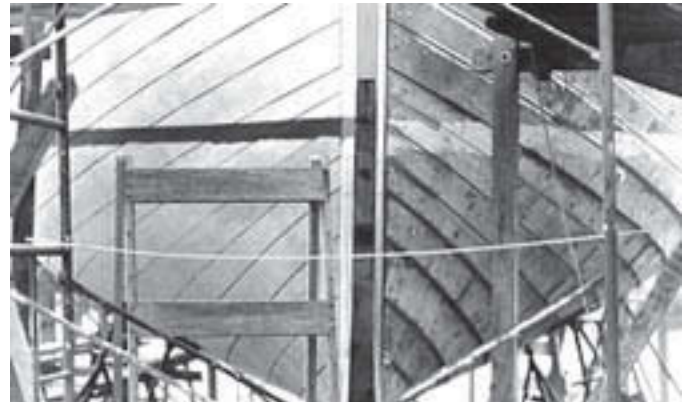
Harold talks to the 2nd graders, who composed a song about a stowaway mouse aboard the *Ardelle*.



Teen age helpers enjoying pizza reward while avoiding the local paparazzi.



So many shipwrights leaning into the job as the bulkwarks go in.



Bow-on view looks like fine ahht!



Perry and Cole painting the interior.



Harold and Chuck at work in the foc'sle,



Justin Ingersoll built an amazing rudder in rapid-fire time.

Harold sands after Steve ground the hull.



The *Ardelle* approaches completion with launching date set for July 9.



Inside views.

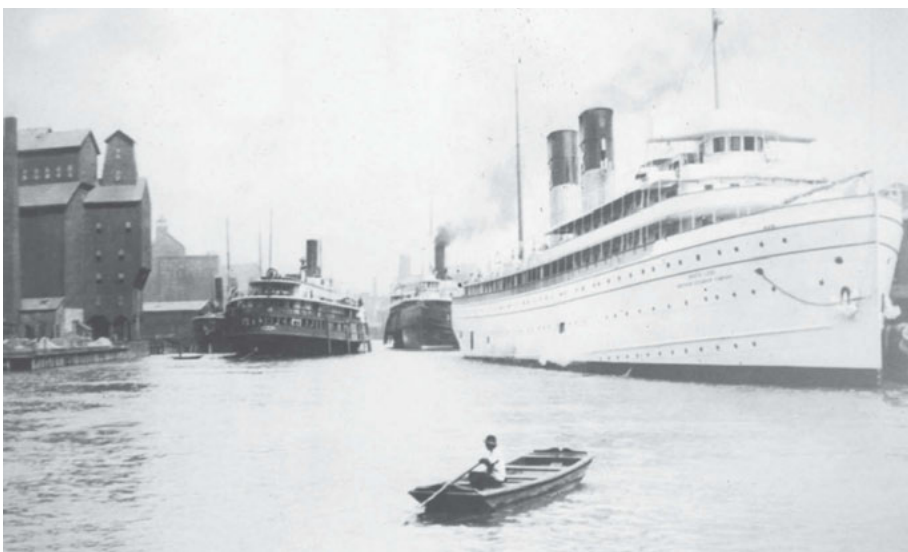


A Nomans Land boat.



A new-built 1812 bateau built with galvanized nails and pitch..

A Buffalo River ferry, once used very commonly to transport people and goods to and from ships moored on the river.



Buffalo Maritime Center and the TSCA

By Greg Grundtisch

For the first time in a very long time (decades), some good things are happening on the Buffalo, New York, waterfront. One of the good things is the new Buffalo Maritime Center. It's in an old building being re-used and updated as a state of the art center for boat building and all related endeavors. Some of these are boat building classes and workshops, historic restoration projects, community outreach projects for "at risk" kids and partnering with other related groups. Roger Allen, a very talented professional boat builder, heads the Maritime Center. He has many other related skills and talents that go along with his new position and we are very fortunate to have him here.

The Center has an area to store boats and materials indoors, a classroom area and a large space for building and restoring boats. There is also space for members to work on their own projects, several of which are ongoing at present.

Some of the completed and ongoing projects are the building an 1812 bateau, a Buffalo River ferry and maintaining the livery (rental) boats that are used on Hoyt Lake in Delaware Park. The lake was once part of the 1901 Pan American Exhibition held in 1901. It was like a Worlds Fair of its time. President McKinley was shot there. Hoyt Lake was manmade for the Exhibition. Joshua Slocum and his beloved *Spray* were moored in this lake. How he got it there with no navigable water connecting to it is a mystery to me.

A major project is the repairing and maintaining of the *Scajaquada* (pronounced (ska jak quid uh), an Erie boat. An Erie boat was an open boat with a cat ketch rig that was used for commercial fishing in the 1800s to early 1900s. The *Scajaquada* is currently being fitted with new floors and laminated frames, a new mast step, new keel, centerboard and trunk. She should have been re-launched by early July and will be available for sails at the Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival in August (see below). An example of the design

can be found on page 179 of Howard Chappell's book, *American Small Craft*.

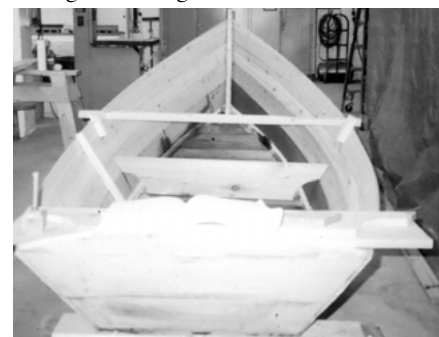
This is a very impressive facility and it is only exceeded by an impressive group of skilled and talented volunteers. They are a great group of folks who are very generous with their time, knowledge and experience. One can learn a lot from them. Everyone is welcome and anyone wanting to work on a boat will find a need for volunteers of any skill level. They even let me work there!

The Center is open to the public from Tuesday through Saturday, 9:00am to 4:30pm, and is located on 1250 Niagara St, Buffalo, NY 12213.

Another good thing happening around here will be the local TSCA's first annual event, the Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival, to be held on August 26, 27 and 28. The local chapter is the Maritime Center TSCA and Chuck Meyer, an amateur boat builder of professional skill and talent, heads it. The Great Lake Erie Small Craft Festival will be patterned after the ones held in St Michaels, Maryland, and Cortez, Florida. There will be camping and showers, food and beverage, awards, etc. If you have ever been to one of these Small Craft Festivals you know how much fun they are.

It will be well worth the trip to beautiful downtown Buffalo, New York's waterfront. Did I just say that? Yes, it's really looking good down there after so many years of neglect and nonsense.

For further information go to Buffalo-maritimecenter.org. The web site has much more in regard to area history, the boat museum, news of the TSCA, membership, among other things.



A member's skiff project.



A member's traditional skiff project, built with copper fastenings and tarred cross planked bottom.

A member's row and sail skiff project.





Scajaquada under sail.



Scajaquada in the shop.

The lively fleet in storage.



The boat storage area.



Preserving a Legendary Landmark

Point Allerton US Lifesaving Station

The Point Allerton US Lifesaving Station in Hull, Massachusetts, home of Joshua James and his nationally recognized crew who saved more than 600 lives from wrecks in Boston Harbor, was built in 1889. One hundred twenty years of wind and weather have taken a toll on this stunning coastal landmark. The station needs a new roof, replacement and repair of clapboards and trim, and landscaping and painting.

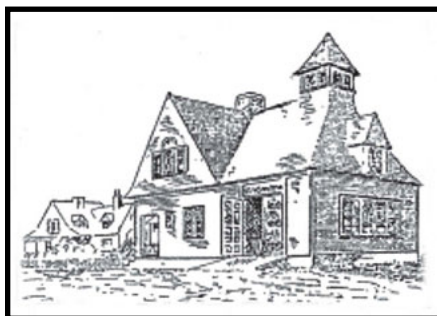
This past winter, a Point Allerton Station Preservation Committee began planning for the station's restoration. In May, we marked National Preservation Month by launching the Point Allerton Station Preservation Project. Throughout the Preservation Project we'll be looking back at many exceptional moments in the station's history.

To get us started, here's an article that appeared in the *Boston Daily Globe* on October 19, 1888, announcing the new station! The illustration ran with the original story in 1888.

Washington, October 18: Proposals were opened last Saturday in Washington for the construction of the Point Allerton, Hull Lifesaving Station, which will be in commission before the end of next summer. As seen in the illustration, the new station is a frame structure of rather striking design and characteristic of the purpose to which it will be dedicated. There are to be two stories and a lookout tower 43' feet above the ground, from which an excellent view will be obtainable of the ocean. On the main story will be the boat room, 20'x34'; a mess room, 16.3'x16.6'; the keeper's private room, 11.6'x17'; kitchen, pantry and all necessary closets.

The floor above contains a large loft, the same size as the boat room, which will be used for the storage of spare apparatus and for drill purposes in inclement weather; accommodations for the crew and a large spare room, in case any shipwrecked mariners should have to be taken in and cared for. The rooms are all spacious and well ventilated, and every provision has been made for the health and comfort of the men.

The plans have been prepared by A.B. Bibb, the architect of the lifesaving service, under the direction of S.I. Kimball, the general superintendent.



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Boat Building Workshops

The Michigan School of Boat Building and Marine Technology is also offering a series of “build and take home your own boat” building workshops this summer in Harbor Springs, Michigan. Build and take home your own boat! Bring a friend or family member to build a boat with you!

All workshops will be taught by noted boat builder, teacher and author David Nichols! David Nichols has been building and designing boats for almost 20 years. A graduate of the University of Texas at Austin, he is the author of three books, *A Working Guide to Small Boat Sails*, *Lapstrake Canoes* and *Building the Sea Eagles*. He has also written on boat building for magazines like *Wooden Boat* and *Boatbuilder* as well as writing and producing boat building videos.

In addition to writing, David also has taught boatbuilding at WoodenBoat School, in Brooklin, Maine, for five years and Great Lakes Boat Building School in Cedarville, Michigan, for two years. He has a wonderful ability to convey his knowledge and passion for boat building to his students. When he isn't writing, teaching, or building boats you'll find him on the water sailing or paddling the boats he's designed.

More information, including dates and registration details, is now available at www.irishboatshop.com. Please contact me, Dave Lesh, if you have questions about registration, location and tuition: davidlesh@charter.net. (317) 260-1263.

July 11-16



The Willow Sea Kayak

The Willow Sea Kayak is 17'8" long with a beam of just under 23". The average weight is around 44lbs and the boat is suitable for paddlers from 140-250lbs. While ideal for day paddles, Willow has the volume and solid performance required of a true expedition kayak. Tuition: \$570. Materials: \$1010 + \$130 shipping.



Chesapeake Light Craft Stand-up Paddleboard

Why are stand-up paddleboards all the rage? Because they're ridiculously fun, like walking on water. Working with surfing and paddleboard guru Larry Froley in California, we've created a board with that rare quality of being fast enough to race but stable enough for first-timers. Tracking is great and a fine bow with kayak derived shaping lifts the Kaholo up and over waves. Tuition: \$570. Materials: \$799 + shipping.



By David Lesh

I would like to introduce to you and your readers a new boat building and marine technology program that's been developed in the Petoskey area of northern Michigan. The Michigan School of Boat Building and Marine Technology will, through classroom instruction, lectures, internships and hands-on technical projects in the workshop, teach the skills, business, art and science of Composite Construction, Marine Systems and Wooden Boat Building and Restoration necessary for employment opportunities in the marine industry, including those at marinas, maritime museums, boat restoration and re-engineering businesses, and custom and production boat building companies. The nine-month Certificate and two-year Associate Degree programs developed in partnership with North Central Michigan College will also emphasize the importance of teamwork, positive work ethics, project management skills and sound business practices.

The School will also serve the community with its weekend, afterschool/youth and summer boat building workshops that teach, promote and preserve the art and tradition of wooden boat building.

July 18-23



Chesapeake Light Craft Passagemaker

Here's a handy boat that can be rowed, sailed and powered with up to three large adults and it “nests” to take up less space. The Passagemaker Dinghy is easy to build but looks great and performs beautifully. A smooth glide when rowing, spirited performance when sailing and steady handling with an outboard mark this latest entry in our fleet of graceful build-it-yourself boat kits. Tuition: \$570. Materials: \$1224 + \$114 shipping.

August 1-6



Pygmy Wherry

The Wineglass Wherry possesses the wineglass transom and smooth double ended waterline of a classic rowing boat. When designing her, John Lockwood, founder/owner of Pygmy Boats, Inc, drew inspiration from the “beach skiffs” that were common along the New England coast during the late 1800s. Used in commercial fishery, fishermen launched these boats through the surf and rowed out to the fishing grounds. Their narrow flat bottoms enabled them to be parked upright on the beach. Their “planked skegs” allowed them to be more easily built and avoided the added weight of heavy keels. Developed before the advent of power, they were superb pulling boats used year round in coastal waters. Tuition: \$570. Materials: \$1359 + \$113.15 shipping.

August 8-19



Newfound Lawton

The Lawton Tender came about in response to a customer looking for a small yacht tender he could build with strips. The lines were taken directly from John Gardner's *Building Classic Small Craft* and modified for cedar strip construction. Originally designed by Charles Lawton, renowned for his fine tenders and superlative craftsmanship, the tenders had to “row and tow well, be moderately good seaboats, carry heavy loads yet shine like a piece of fine furniture.” The Lawton Tender will complement the finest yacht or serve as classy little fishing boat. Tuition: \$1140. Materials: \$2225 + \$325 shipping.

Adirondack Guideboat



“No doubt Dwight Grant would have grabbed at epoxy and other modern materials to cut weight,” says Kenneth Durant, author of *The Adirondack Guideboat*. Strip building is an excellent way to easily build a light, strong and beautiful guideboat. The guideboat was a fast, light, oared boat pointed at both ends, a cross between a rowboat and a canoe. “It was big enough for the guide and his customers but light enough for the guide to take on his own over the many carries between lakes,” wrote Kenneth and Helen Durant, authors of *The Adirondack Guideboat*. Our guideboat design is derived from the Cole's Guideboat, 16'2" long with a 38" beam. Tuition: \$1140. Materials: \$2500 + \$325 shipping.

School & Museum Team Up

Use Boatbuilding to Teach Physical Science



Rebecca Trimble (left) and Holly Hassapelis, both seniors at Searsport District High School, clamp up a stem lamination for a boat.

The Searsport (Maine) District High School and the Penobscot Marine Museum collaborated this past spring on an "Alternate Path" to academic success with a new boatbuilding program designed to teach physical science to a small group of high school students. Even as they learned how to sharpen chisels, mix epoxy and run a bandsaw, seven sophomores, juniors and seniors were studying concepts such as vectors, drag and torque with the help of a professional boatbuilder and educators from the school and the museum.

"It's an alternate path to meet core academic standards," said Michelle Andre, a physical science teacher at Searsport District High School. "Some students learn best through hands on activities outside of a traditional classroom environment. The ones who requested to be in this program were taking it seriously, learned rapidly and had a great time." Andre emphasized that the program was a science elective, not vocational training. "The students were not studying to become boatbuilders," she said. "But they learned about boat design and terminology and how to use hand tools. Some of those skills will almost certainly be useful to them in the future."

The project was conceived jointly by Kathleen Jenkins, an English teacher at the high school, and Betty Schopmeyer, the museum's education director. The school provided funding for the project in the form of a "Multiple Pathways" grant from the Nellie Mae Educational Foundation, and the museum offered work space in one of its buildings along with tools and other support. Greg Rossel, a well known boatbuilder and boatbuilding educator, agreed to lead the hands on part of the project, while Michelle Andre designed the academic components to align it with Maine's standards for science education.

"There were some classroom elements to the program," says Andre. "We used the dynamics of a boat on the water to illustrate concepts such as center of gravity, center of buoyancy, drag, lift and stability. For some of the students, it's the relevance to the hands on component that made the classroom lessons engaging." She added that future iterations of the project will address other academic subjects including mathematics, history and English language arts.

Penobscot Marine Museum in Searsport is Maine's oldest maritime museum. For more information, visit www.PenobscotMarineMuseum.org or call (207) 548-2529.



Searsport District High School senior Emily LaRosa finds the boatbuilding program at Penobscot Marine Museum an engaging break from routine classroom instruction.

Although it may look like he's sanding a boat, Searsport District High School junior Derrik Kenney is actually studying physical science.



Messing About in Boats, August 2011 – 35

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Norumbega Chapter members Bill Clements, Paul Shirley, Michael Pelkey and John Fitzgerald gathered at Ed Moses' shop on March 28 to take the lines off Ed's existing 15' Morris canoe. None of the members present had ever taken lines from an existing canoe before, so much of the task was a learning experience. However, Bill Clements led the way with his boat building knowledge as a guide. The purpose of the exercise was to reproduce the lines of the 15' Morris so that Ed could eventually build a reproduction form and build close facsimiles of the Morris wood and canvas canoe.

A key tool in taking the lines from the Morris was a "joggle stick." A joggle stick is a pointed stick with teeth along one edge. The point is placed against the planking on the hull interior and the teeth are traced onto a station. A number of joggle stick tracings are done at each station to incorporate tumblehome and other features.

These tracings are later used to transfer the shape of the hull interior to the lofting board. Ed had made a number of joggle sticks prior to our meeting. His joggle sticks were all the same length and had evenly sized and spaced teeth. We soon found out that it is better to have joggle sticks of various lengths to get into the ends of the canoe and that the teeth should be randomly spaced and sized to aid in transferring the tracings to the lofting board.

The first step was to level the existing canoe and to mount vertical and square stations in the canoe hull to use to trace the joggle stick on. The distance along the centerline for each station was measured and recorded. The stations at this point do not need to be evenly spaced. Evenly spaced stations will be developed from the lofted canoe plan. A total of five stations were installed in one half of the symmetrical canoe.

The first step was to level the existing canoe and to mount vertical and square stations in the canoe hull to trace the joggle stick on. The distance along the centerline for each station was measured and recorded. These stations were spaced 16" apart and evenly spaced templates for the final stations will be developed from the lofted canoe plan. A total of five stations were installed in one half of the symmetrical canoe.

After the joggle stick tracings were completed on each of the five stations, the team broke for a wonderful lunch prepared by Ed's wife, Marilyn. Sufficiently refreshed after lunch, the team reconvened in the shop to transfer the shape of the hull at each station to the lofting board.

Paul Shirley and Bill Clements install the first station. A joggle stick is shown sitting on the stern seat.



Taking the Lines Off a Morris Canoe

The Joggle Stick Method

By John Fitzgerald and Ed Moses
All Photos by John Fitzgerald
Reprinted from the Norumbega Chapter
WCHA Newsletter



The leveled Morris canoe with established center line and vertical stations. The stations were marked using the joggle stick. The point of the joggle stick was held against the planking and the teeth of the joggle stick were traced onto the station.

On the first day, Bill and Ed worked until dinner time (6pm) and found that Station #2 had some serious discrepancies after all the stations were plotted on the plywood. Ed decided that since they had much more to accomplish, that they had better knock off and pick it up when they could convene again.

Bill and Ed got together again on April 21 and accomplished the steps necessary to finish it up and verify that they had an accurate rendition of the Morris hull. That required another entire day!

They started by re-joggling Station #2 (the one where a copper patch had been installed as a repair on the starboard side, so they had to joggle the port side) and plotting that on the 4'x8' sheet of plywood after erasing the previous plotting. Ed and Bill also had to adjust one of the stations, established during the first session, when they discovered a minor bit of hogging that showed up at one station.

The next step was to establish three waterline points on each station offset plotted on the plywood. These waterlines were drawn out on the sheet of plywood and gave us a good look at how true the side contour of the canoe was from the three waterline points established on each station offset. Bill is quoted as saying that, "if it looks good, then it is good," well, that came into play again for the waterlines as they rendered an appropriate to the eye contour of the canoe hull sides.

The next step was to establish what is called the "butt heights," which established the contours up to and including the sheer. Again, once plotted, the lines flowed evenly with no obvious distortions and the adage, "if it looks good, it is good," came into play again.

What is remaining for Ed to do now is to use nails laid on their side and half of the head driven into the plywood along the offset lines of each of the five stations. A half station pattern board for each of the five stations will be made up by pressing a piece of ply down hard on these nail edges, giving Ed the station contours in depressions and reference points to use the weights and plastic batten to trace half of the station.

These will be cut out on the band saw and used to trace full canoe hull stations out of 3/4" plywood that will become the ten stations to be attached on the canoe form strong-back and upon which the 1"x1" strips will be attached. Each of the five stations will need to be cut back and sized down to account for the thickness of the 1"x1" strips. Those five stations will be the patterns used to draw out the stations for the other half of the canoe.

As the summer progresses, Ed will finish off the templates but the construction of the new Morris' form will be next winter's project. He will continue to document the progress for future newsletters.



Bill Clements and Ed Moses take the joggle stick tracings and reproduce the hull sections and stem profile on the lofting board. The joggle stick teeth on the tracings are matched with the teeth on the joggle stick and the point of the joggle stick is marked on the ply representing the inside of the hull planking. The points are connected with a flexible batten thereby reproducing the hull shape at each station on the lofting board. The fish-shaped tools are weights that hold the plastic batten and allow easy adjustments to fair the line. The ever present joggle stick is in the foreground.



Powering Up a Small Boat

with a Lawnmower Engine

By Dave Lucas

Lucas Boatworks and Happy Hour Club
(941) 704-6736
Cortez, Florida

Someone around here wanted to know how to put a lawn mower engine in a boat. Here you are. It's really easy if you know the secret and have a mechanical genius like Howard to do it. We started with a really slick hull, a 17' Whitehall which only takes about 2hp to push at hull speed. We needed a new vertical shaft motor. The smallest we could find with electric start and generator was this 10.5hp, price \$300, free shipping from a small engine site online. And we needed a lower unit from an outboard motor. This is the secret. It has forward and reverse gears, thrust bearing, is sealed so it can be bolted to the bottom of the boat and even has a water pump. They are readily available at any outboard shop for free, they usually have a big pile of old ones out back.

Everything else is just mechanical trial and error but pretty straightforward. The two major problems we encountered were not the ones we expected. First, the boat wouldn't slow down. Even at idle we still went fast. We changed props and cut down props and finally got it to slow down somewhat except the motor ran too slowly and would load up and run rough. This motor is way too big for this boat. Howard finally had to install some reduction pulleys to make it work.

The other problem was the exhaust heat. We tried everything we could think of, including what you're thinking of right now. The one pictured had a blower to blow the heat out the back but it was still too hot. We finally made a water jacketed muffler with a small pump pulling water from a thru-hull up through the muffler and out. We tried using the water pump in the lower unit but it pumped way too much water. When it's running it looks and sounds like a diesel.

We needed a fuel pump but that was easy, we just went to our local mower shop and bought one for about \$10. I know, it surprised us also. They work off the vacuum at the carb and the diaphragm pumps the fuel. Our tank is up front along with the battery. If we do this again we'll use a 5hp and not worry about the electric start and a smaller lower unit, this one is from a 30hp. Howard knew about flexible couplings and such.





A Cape Fear flats boat we came across that is too cool for the burn pit. Check the sharp bow and the “wings” at the back. Wouldn’t it look great behind a ‘57 Caddy?



Chelsea in her house. The Briggs is running like a champ.



Helen Marie, her steering is all in, interior gets built next.

Stan is rebuilding his kayak, it gets used a lot



Looking Around the Shop

By Dave Lucas
(Cortez, Florida)

There’s some new and interesting stuff around the Shop so I walked around and took pictures. The builder arrangement here is five fulltime guys doing whatever they want and a couple of “guest” builders as space allows with short term projects. The only way to become a fulltimer is for one of the five to give up or die and you have to have “special” talents and fit in with the tiki hut mentality.

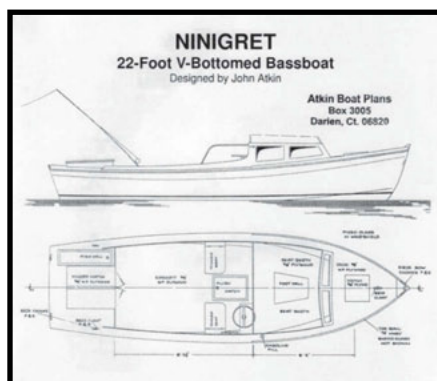


This is the West Indies mahogany wheel Howard made for me. This wood is white when it’s first cut and then turns a golden mahogany color. I’ll probably have the only one in the world made out of this.

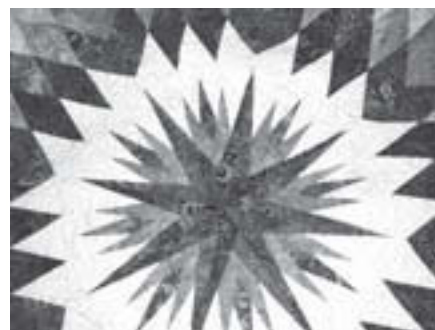


The Melonseed mold with molds for Jim’s new Ninigret leaning against it. I saw an ad online that *Miss Kate* is for sale. She is the Melon Howard built, Roger Allen bought and some guy in Michigan bought from him. She was one of the best.

Yes, we’re going motorboat. Jim searched for the perfect boat and we all agree that this is the one. They say it’ll go 18kts with a 30hp motor that burns 2.6gal per hour at full throttle. Jim is going to modify the roofline to have a solid cover over the cockpit.



A nutshell and kayak getting worked on.



I’m putting in Helen’s quilt in case you think you’re good. This is a king size quilt and must have a thousand triangles and every one of them is perfect with sharp points. Notice it’s not just the obvious ones but there are triangles within triangles all sewn to each other.



Kathy’s red kayak getting redone.

Another view of Rock’s Bolger Surf.





Crazy Steve is modifying an old canoe to be a sailing canoe for a kids' program out at the museum.



Steve and Wally making a sail for the Nut-shell pram. It's really good to have guys who know how to do stuff.



Here's the Melonseed Si Bloom built in his basement, now he's thinking about a Goat Island Skiff.

Howard's Texas sled is finished except for the motor. He needs a 50hp and isn't going to pay \$7,000 for a new one. Need help from you, who has a good 50hp cheap?



The three-hole kayak waiting to work.



Tricia Marie all cleaned up to sell.



One of Steve's Wee Lassie's.

That's it, there are others under cover or out in the woods but not being worked on. This place is always a beehive of activity unless you stop by to watch. Then it all stops until you go away, I guess we can hear you thinking about offering a suggestion and we don't want to offend you, naw, that can't be it 'cause this is us we're talking about.

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May was a very busy month in my shop. I wanted to launch the boat by mid-May so I was pushing against a deadline. With the boat on its trailer I could move it about much easier. It spends most of its time in my garage taking up space where the Ranger usually sits.

I was looking forward to stepping the mast for the first time. Naturally it didn't fit so I began planing off the lower end to make it fit into the bottom step. Once it fit I installed small hardwood blocks to limit how deep into the boat it would bury. The aft one is drilled so I can attach a vang line and a downhaul to it.

I brought the boat back into the shop to fiberglass the deck that hadn't been done earlier. I also put the cockpit trim on at this time. The glass on the deck I left with only one coat of epoxy. This gave a finish that looked rather like old canvas deck covering which seemed to fit with the boat's classic look.

The coamings were built up from three layers of 1/4" ply with lauan underlayment facing into the cockpit. This gave it a mahogany appearance after it was varnished. The coamings extend 1" above the deck and are about 4" high. They make very nice backrests when in use.

I installed the two blocks on the mast and two more on the deck for the halyards. I also installed cleats just forward of the coaming. Then I added some pad eyes on the stern deck to attach the traveler.

It was time to start fitting the sail to the spars. I fastened the sail to the gaff and boom with some light nylon twine. I tied on some 1/4" nylon to the grommets at the luff. These lines get tied around the mast as the sail is raised. I also added line to the yokes on the gaff and boom which get tied around the mast.

All the deck hardware was in place so it was time to give the sail a dry run in the driveway. I had never rigged a gaff-rigged boat before so it was time consuming. The yokes just barely fit around the mast so they slid up hard and had to be pulled back down. I'll change that later.

Working at home I could walk around the boat and judge how the sail looked. I learned quickly that the gaff should not be pulled up too tightly or it would throw a lot of wrinkles in the sail. Once I figured that out it was time to unrig things and go to the lake and splash her.

May 17 was a great day for a shake-down cruise. Sunny in the low 70s and a NE wind 5 to 10. Minnesota don't get better than that. I splashed her in Lake Nokomis for this first outing. There is a nice floating plastic dock there that is about 15" inches above the water. I pointed her into the wind and tied her fore and aft to the dock so I could raise the sail from the dock. It was rather a hassle, much easier at home in the driveway.

Once she was ready I turned loose the stern line, then the bow line and let her slide backwards. As soon as I got some sternway I put the rudder over toward the dock and the wind brought the bow out from the dock. The sail filled for the first time and she began to make headway. I reversed the rudder and off we went on a port tack.

There were three boats on the lake that day, all homemade, with a little practice I could outsail them all. I was happy. Time to take her home and make a few changes.

Back at home the first thing I did was remove the sail from the spars and remake the yokes for both the gaff and boom. I also removed all the hardware so I could paint the



By Mississippi Bob *Skat* Finished?



deck and cockpit. I hadn't done this before the maiden voyage.

I made a strongback to hold the boat on the trailer and a cradle for the mast and sail bag which I sewed up. These fit side by side on the top of this strongback.

The boat was now nearing completion I felt that I should add some rub rails. I made these from Philippine mahogany milled to about 1 1/4"x9/16". These got four coats of var-

nish then were fastened into place with stainless flathead wood screws.

I wanted to see how the boat behaved in a strong wind and on June 2 I got a chance to try it out with 20mph wind gusting to 30. I found it to be a hassle getting the sail rigged in that wind. Things were flopping about madly but I got her together reefed and off we went. Having the sail reefed made the difference she behaved quite well in that breeze. She didn't point up nearly as well but everything was under control.

The boat loves to run on a broad reach. She did develop some weather helm that became more noticeable on the downwind run. I have read somewhere that that is typical of cat boats.

Unrigging and loading her onto the trailer was also a bit of a hassle. I need guide posts to help with the loading. I had planned on having them installed but the Lake Pepin Messabout was coming up that weekend so some of these add on features would have to wait.

I launched in Pepin and had a real drifter going trying to get to the beach a half mile away. Later in the day it was blowing up pretty well, all I wanted without reefing. The next morning started out as a drifter but the wind soon picked up right out of the south in time for our annual crossing to Stockholm, Wisconsin, for breakfast. On the return trip to Minnesota I was able to point the boat at the point by Lake City, I tied the tiller and tied off the sheet and the boat sailed itself back to Minnesota hands off. My navigation was not as good as my sailing, I had picked the wrong point.

I am very pleased with the boat. Jim Michalak has come up with a winner. I have a few more details that I must figure out like where to attach some mooring cleats that don't catch the sheet lines and how to best add guide posts to the trailer.

I am not 100% happy with the sail. It allows the boom to droop more than I would like. I talked it over with the sailmaker and we are going to do a little re-cutting. I am also thinking about adding some lazy jacks that would help stabilize the sail when reefed or furled. I feel that this is something that I will play with and see if they don't make life a bit easier.

Having made my deadline at Lake Pepin it is time to start paying some attention to the yard work and to check and see if I'm still married.



Rockland Apprenticeship Report



Skiff Launchings

There's just something about a boat launch. It doesn't matter if it's a 1,000' freighter or a 7' dinghy. Maybe it's the idea that the particular vessel about to be launched has never been in the water and that, despite all the hard work, planning and design it might not float. "Will it float?" is a phrase echoed at every launch the Apprenticeship has ever had.

That includes the recent launch of two skiffs built by local students in the Apprentice Treks program. Apprentice Treks is a developing collaboration between the Shop and Trekker, a mid coast Maine mentoring program that connects caring adults with young people through expeditionary learning, community service and adventure based education.

During a recent school vacation, eight students and their mentor built two wooden skiffs in just five days. The boats were launched that Friday and the student builders piled into them for the maiden voyage. Only after they shoved off did they realize that new wooden boats take on water, especially when overloaded and that none of them really knew how to row! Fortunately the instructors had equipped them with bailers. And the desire to make the boats move, if only back to shore, was a good education in the art of rowing.

These days, young people don't have a lot of opportunities to use something they've built with their own hands, certainly nothing like a boat. It's our hope we'll be able to offer similar experiences to a lot more of our local youth in the future.

From the Shop Floor

As we prepared to launch our fleet this past spring for the summer, apprentice Kelly O'Sullivan had been spending much of her time making a new rowing station and new set of oars for one of our 28' Twin seamanship training boats. Since finishing her last boat build in April before her graduation in June, O'Sullivan built several sets of oars for the Shop.

When approaching a new oar project, we favor spruce for oars; the strength to weight ratio, while considering the quality of the grain and the cost, is just about perfect. Another wood considered is ash, especially for heavier boats and demanding applications. Wooden oars may also be supplemented with synthetic materials such as carbon fiber or Kevlar to add strength. Many craftsmen choose to use inlays of harder woods such as walnut and cherry or exotic woods like mahogany.

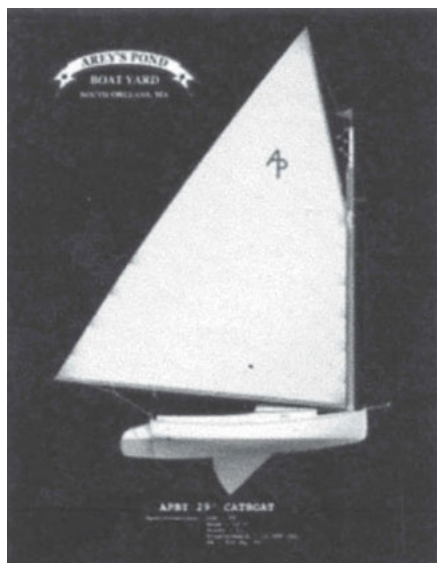
Though oars come in a vast array of shapes and sizes, we usually craft flat blades with tapered grips and looms for our boats. When it comes to length we reference this oar length formula for correctly fitting oars: Inboard length of the loom equals half the span between the oarlocks +2". Total length of oar equals one-seventh of inboard length multiplied by 25.

This means the 11' Frank Day rowboat we recently built, with a beam of approximately 50", requires 8'oars with the inboard loom length of 27".

For those more curious about oars, we are offering an oar making class starting September 27 on Tuesdays and Thursdays for two weeks. Please visit www.apprenticeshop.org for more information and registration.

Designs

At the Annual Cat Boat Association Meeting we introduced our new design for a 29' catboat. We are seeking investors and hope to have her built for charter and racing.



Restorations

The 101 year old *Conjurer* built by the Crosby Family is getting a new centerboard box and repairs to the keel. Meanwhile, work continues to the transom, engine and new steering quadrant.

Other restorations include two 1970s Daysailer Is, which will be getting new paint

Arey's Pond Boatyard News

Our 60th Year*

jobs, spars and sails, as well as tuning for racing with up to date hardware.

We have also had our custom 20' and 22' APBY Cats in the shop for improvements.



Boatbuilding

We are very fortunate to have had another busy winter building new boats. Leslie is building our third wooden APBY 14' Cat and overseeing the construction of seven fiberglass 14s and one Kitten being built by Jared and Bill. Danny is building one Lynx with a cabin, which the owners were kind enough to allow us to exhibit at the Maine Boatbuilders Show, and one Open Lynx. Geoff has put all of the rigs together. For the first time this year we will be introducing

Amsteel mast hoops. This will reduce breakage and the wear and tear of wooden hoops.

Tide & Temperature Monitoring

Tide/temperature monitoring is now available on line at www.iobridgepro.com/apps/tide. This site provides automated high and low tide alerts by email. Thanks again to our mooring customer, Christophe Oliver, for the idea and for making it happen. We also again thank the Friends of Arey's Pond (F.O.A.P) for their generous support of this project. If you enjoy this new service, please consider a donation to F.O.A.P., PO Box 1045, South Orleans, MA 02662-1045, and let them know that you appreciate the resource.

Boatbuilding Classes

Boatbuilding classes, as well as wonderful exhibits, can be found year round at the Cape Cod Maritime Museum: www.capecodmaritimemuseum.org

Arey's Pond Boat Yard, Inc

45 Arey's Lane, South Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994 • Fax (508) 255-8977
www.areyspondboatyard.com

***Editor Comments:** Tony Davis is the third owner of Arey's Pond Boatyard since 1951. Arey's Pond in the early '50s was a wooden Beetle Cat dealer and repair yard. The second owners operated the yard as an O'Day dealership and sold hundreds of O'Days from 1965 until 1989, as well as two or three APBY 14s each winter.

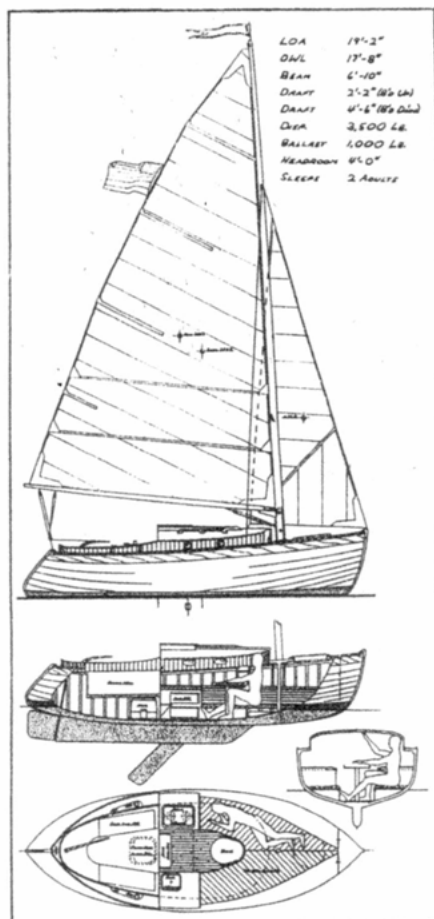
On a beautiful blue-sky summer Sunday, June 29th, a gleaming, elegantly crafted, bright finished lapstrake, pocket cruiser, MADRIGAL, took to the water at the public launching ramp on the Hudson River at Albany, NY. A careful listener might have caught a happy "yelp" of delight amongst the applause and oohing and aahing from the assembled families and friends of the owner and the builders. The "yelp", an uncharacteristic display of outward emotion, came from owner, Dave Gerr. He was not looking at the gleaming beauty of the craft, he was looking at the waterline. Dave not only commissioned the building of MADRIGAL, he designed the boat. And there she sat, a couple of inches high on her lines, slightly down at the bow. When she took on anticipated gear and crew, MADRIGAL would settle right onto her calculated waterline. Dave Gerr, Naval Architect, must have done it right.

Certainly the crew at the North River Boatworks of Albany had done it right. Howie Mittleman and Frank Houde, partners, with builder Dan Sutherland and apprentice Charlene Liberata, had worked on MADRIGAL over almost a year, and the result was close to perfection. "I wanted a NO COMPROMISE boat," designer Gerr stated. NO compromise? "Well, almost no compromise," Dave admitted. Like where did perfection get set aside? "Well, I designed a round foredeck hatch," Dave explained, "but when it appeared that it would add five working days to the construction, I settled for a rectangular one." And the desired oval bronze portholes had to be reluctantly relinquished in favor of more readily available round ones.

Aside from these modest bits of backsliding on the original commitment, Dave's MADRIGAL was built with no expense spared to conform EXACTLY to his design ideas and material and structural specifications. The North River crew labored long and hard over that year, not full time on the boat, they did have other work to do, but an estimated 6 months time. It came to be a fixture in the shop, something that began to look as if it would always be there.

It wasn't an easy boat to build. Gerr was after results, not ease of construction. That canoe stern posed some challenges certainly, but when asked about the most difficult part of the construction, Howie Mittleman said it was the cabin top. The compound curves required simply could not be fashioned with the original plywood specified and the final solution was pretty much to cold mold it. Another compromise? Maybe, but actually more elaborate and costly.

Costly. This is one very expensive 19' pocket cruiser. All best



Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

all fastened with traditional bronze fasteners AND epoxy glue, all epoxy sealed inside and out. All bronze fittings of top quality. Joinery is superb, vertically staved cabin sides and coaming an example. While Dave had to make a few small compromises on design details, he adhered to his "quality" standards on materials and construction. The choice of North River Boatworks as builder was part of this insistence upon "quality". Dave has long been impressed with the fussiness of the work that Howie and Frank have been turning out.

Well, so the boat floated on her lines, essentially. Now, how would it sail? The next moment of truth for Dave was at hand, right on the heels of the first. After celebration of the launch subsided, the sail rig was brought out and fitted. The breeze was still quite light in late morning, but beginning to puff out on the river a ways. After an hour or so of further fuss getting sails and rigging as desired, Dave and the whole building crew boarded and cast off. A light breeze wafted them off upstream and there they encountered increasingly strong puffs as the wind began to develop over the river from the nearby hills. Before long, Dave had MADRIGAL right o-

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



MADRIGAL

Dave Gerr's "No Compromise" Design

"We had no reef points in the main yet," he said, "and I was surprised at how strong the wind came up so soon." Watching from shore, I could tell when Dave felt overpowered, he'd ease the main and MADRIGAL would pop upright. Then he'd harden it up again and off she'd go, moving very fast for so short a craft.

A month later, I spoke to Dave about how he felt about his creation, now back on Long Island Sound near his Throgs Neck office. "Delighted, absolutely delighted," he said. "She ghosts beautifully upwind or down, and seems to be able to work her way to windward double reefed in a 30 knot wind too." He went on to confirm that he was pleased with her ease of handling and speed. The comforts carefully designed into the sitting headroom cabin were as planned, and, of course, just looking at her still was a real heartwarmer.

MADRIGAL is Dave Gerr's own pleasure "yacht". But she is also a statement about his professional work as a naval architect, now full time on his own, doing design work to order and consulting work for other firms. MADRIGAL is a design one can see and feel and experience if contemplating employing Dave's talents on a dream of one's own. Dave is at 37 Alden Park, Throgs



Howie and Dave ready to raise the mast; and up she goes in the tabernacle. MADRIGAL descends the ramp, and floats on her lines. And now for that first sail, and she goes pretty good, doesn't she?

Ever since the American Indian was discovered, the benign influences of civilization have been steadily relegating him to more limited quarters. At the same time they have laid hold upon some of the more desirable products of his handicraft and, by judicious improvements, have made them attractive to the highly cultured mortals of this modern age (1894).

This is particularly true of the canoe. The Indian may die without being able to shake off the load of curses which has been heaped upon his name, but his canoe will live on, honored and admired by those who now cheerily paddle their frail bark down quiet streams, once his, and bordered by refreshing woods and meadows, which were once his hunting grounds.

The early travelers to these shores all had something to say about the peculiar boats used by the natives. That redoubtable explorer, Captain John Smith, gives us a very interesting description of the canoes he saw among the Indians of Virginia.

"These," he says, "they make of one tree, by burning and scratching away the coales with stones and shels till they have made it in forme of a trough. Some of them are an elne (*An elne is about 1.25 yards—Ed*) deep and fortie or fiftie foote in length, and some will beare 40 men, but the most ordinary are smaller, and will beare 10, 20 or 30, according to their bignes. Instead of Oares, they use Paddles and sticks, with which they will rowe faster than our Barges."

Purchas, also, in his quaint book of *Pilgrimages*, mentions several varieties of canoes, all built on the same plan. Those seen by James Hall, who was killed by the Indians in 1612 while attempting to find a north-west passage to Asia, were 20' long and 2½' broad, "so light that one may carry many of them at once; so swift that no ship is able with any wind to hold way with them, and yet use but one oare, which they hold by the middle, in the midst of their boat, broad at both ends, wherewith they row forwards and backwards at pleasure."

The canoe, being essentially an American craft, it is fitting that in this country its use should meet with heartiest favor. But it is only within the past few years that its possibilities for enjoyment and sport have been generally recognized. Those who might justly be called the fathers of canoeing may yet be seen at the annual encampments, and although they may not be as active in racing as in their earlier years, their enthusiasm is not a whit less keen.

Whatever else canoeists may be, they are loyal to their sport. It has sometimes been said

American Canoes and Canoeists

By Frank W. Crane
Reprinted from *Paddles Past*
Journal of the Historic Canoe &
Kayak Club (UK)

(The speedy and beautiful little craft which the white man copied from the Indian, the canoe clubs of the United States and Canada, their camps, their cruises and their champions).

that canoeing is but the stepping stone to yachting. That may be true, but it is also a truer fact that very few canoeists ever entirely renounce their first love for their graceful little boats. There is a certain freedom and romantic fascination about the sport which is irresistible.

Among its devotees are numbered not only hundreds of energetic young men, but the middle aged, and even those verging toward the point which the world calls old. And the ladies must not be forgotten, for many of the fair sex have learned to paddle their own canoes as easily, and perhaps more gracefully if not quite as rapidly, as their brethren who strive for the dainty silken banners awarded to the victors in the races.

As an organized sport, canoeing may be said to date from the birth of the American Canoe Association in 1880. The founders of that body have lived to see their work meet with a success of which, 14 years ago, they could hardly have dreamed. They met at Crosbyside, Lake George, at the home of Mr N.H. Bishop and at the first meet, held a few days later, barely a score of canoeists were present. William L. Alden of New York City, one of the original members of the New York Canoe Club, was the first commodore.

The association now numbers over a thousand members, including representatives from hundreds of canoe clubs. Its growth was so rapid that within a few years it was found necessary to subdivide it. There are now four divisions: the Northern, taking in all of Canada; the Eastern, which covers New England; the Atlantic, including all the Atlantic seaboard south of the New York and Connecticut boundary line, together with the principal rivers; and the Central, taking in those portions of New York State and Pennsylvania back from the coast line, and practically all the rest of the United States outside of the other divisions. There is, however, a Western Canoe Association, which is a separate organization.

Every year the association holds a grand meet. Some of the localities where the canoeists have pitched their camps in the past have been among the Thousand Islands, at Lake George and Lake Champlain, at Stony Lake in Ontario, and on Jessup's Neck on Peconic Bay, Long Island. The meet was held at this latter place in 1890, and it was essentially different from all others in that it was the first saltwater meet. The tides, and the ocean breezes, which were occasionally almost too strong for the tiny craft, were a little perplexing at first to many of the canoeists who came from inland districts. This year's meet, which has just closed, was at Croton Point, on the Hudson.

It is not the racing interest alone that sustains the popularity of these yearly canoe encampments. Of course, racing is a very prominent feature, as all of the crack sailors and paddlers are brought together on common ground to try for the coveted prizes. That which really appeals most powerfully to the majority, however, is the hearty, whole-souled fellowship pervading the entire camp life.

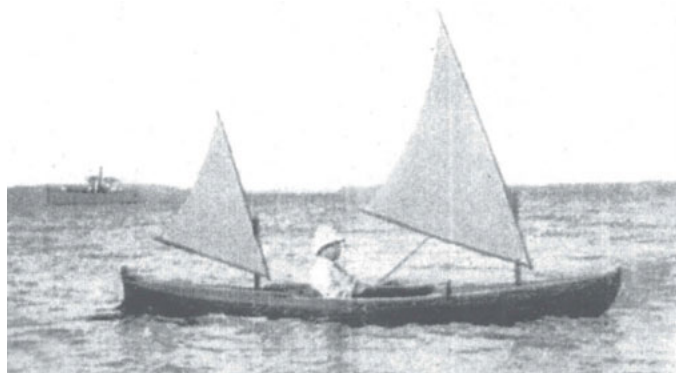
There is an absolute freedom which permits every man to do just about as he pleases, and there are many pleasant meetings of old friends who perhaps have not seen each other since the last gathering of canoeists. These, with the racing, the cruising and the varied amusements that each day brings forth give the canoe camp a charm of its own which cannot be found elsewhere.

The camp would be far less perfect without the presence of ladies; and so, at a short distance from the main camp, the tents of the canoeists' wives and sisters are set up. The ladies' camp, to retain the Indian's idea, if not his exact mode of life, is always dubbed Squaw Point. There, however, the similarity ends, for the squaws of the white canoeists enjoy a much more cheerful existence than did those of the primitive red men.

Most of the ladies have their own dainty canoes. Frequently a ladies paddling race is arranged, and this is a sight which no one who has any respect for himself would lose. At the word "go," as each fair contestant dips her long paddle into the water, first on one side of her little boat and then on the other, a loud shout of approval and encouragement goes up from the spectators on the shore, and the applause given the winner would fill some of our shining political dignitaries with pangs of jealousy.

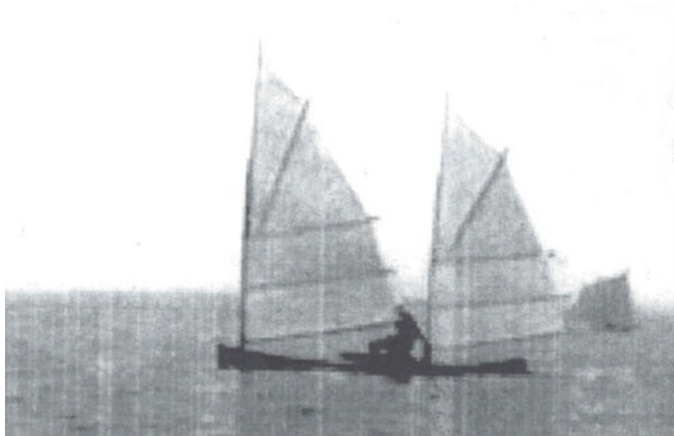
Then, in the evening, there are the campfires, perhaps the pleasantest features of the entire camp life. These are held in different parts of the camp given by various clubs, and by the commodore and officers of the association.

T. Bennett's Cruising Canoe, the *Ghost*.



Paul Butler sailing the *Wasp*.





Howard Gray and his canoe, the V.



Most of the ladies have their own dainty canoes.

Here the men and women, clad in their picturesque summer costumes, range themselves upon the grass around the blazing logs and devote the waning hours of the evening to singing familiar songs, to telling stories of famous canoeists and their deeds and to listening to the soft music of banjos and mandolins. The stars shed their radiance upon no happier group and the rippling water on the shore hears no more cheerful sounds than those which come as echoes from the merry party around the canoe campfire.

As the hour of 11 approaches, when lights must be out and all are supposed to be sleeping, the parting goodnights are said. Then, singly or in pairs, the group breaks up, as each goes off into the darkness to seek the repose of his own tent. Another delightful day has run its course, and all is still, all but the water whose splashing on the pebbles never ceases, and the glowing embers of the fire, which occasionally crackle and flare up into a temporary brightness, as though loath to die and leave the memory of recent scenes in darkness. Is it any wonder that the canoeist loves his sport, so filled as it is with healthful activity and delightful recreation?

It would not do, even in a very brief article, to omit a word about canoe races and

those who have covered themselves with honor in hard fought contests. One who has never had the pleasure of seeing a genuine canoe regatta can have little idea of the variety and excitement which characterize such an event. It takes a high degree of skill to sail a canoe successfully.

The greatest event at the annual meets is the trophy sailing race. During the past two years; that is, in 1892 and 1893, this has been won by Paul Butler, a son of the late General Benjamin F. Butler and one of the most experienced canoeists in the association. Paul Butler now owns the famous yacht *America*, but he devotes far more attention to his speedy canoe, *Wasp*, than to the large craft. He is the inventor of the sliding seat, now universally used, and has made many other noteworthy improvements. He is a member of the Vesper Canoe Club of Lowell, Massachusetts; D.S. Goddard and Howard Gray, members of the same club, also stand in the first rank.

In paddling, the Canadians are the recognized leaders but they have also produced some fine sailors, among whom Ford Jones of the Brockville Club, Toronto, stands undeniably at the top. For three successive years, in 1889, and 1891, he won the sailing trophy. It is, however, a singular fact in his case

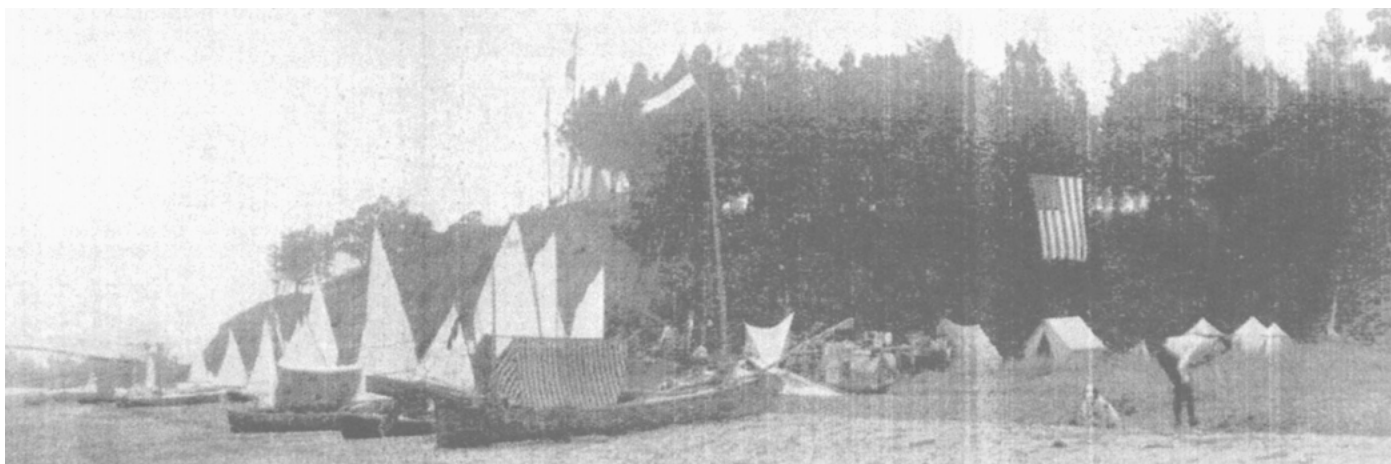
that although he vanquished the ablest sailors with his famous boat *Canuck*, he met defeat when he came down into New York waters to race for the International Canoe Challenge Cup. The first year he was beaten by H. Lansing Quick of the Yonkers Club, and in his second attempt by T.H. Barrington of the New York Canoe Club.

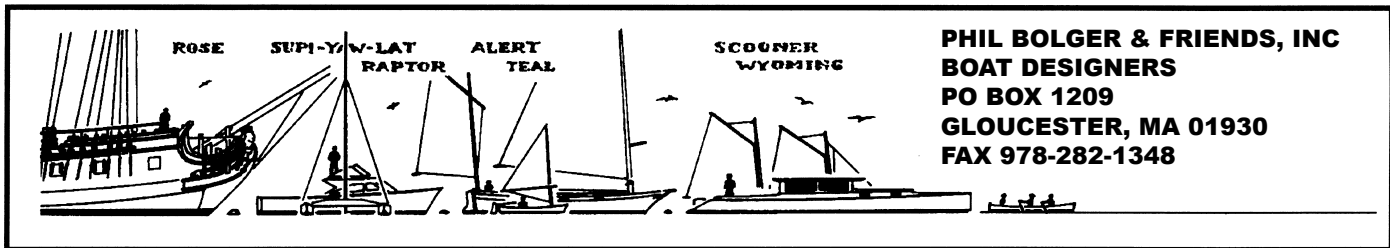
The cup was offered by the latter club for the purpose of encouraging international racing and the first contest took place in 1887 when Warrington Baden-Powell of the Royal Canoe Club, England, came over to this country. He was beaten by C. Bowyer Vaux. The following year Walter Stewart came over from England, and he was also defeated by Reginald S. Blake of the Brooklyn Canoe Club.

One of the youngest as well as ablest all round canoeists in the association is George P. Douglass, of the Ianthe Club, New Jersey. Last season he divided honors with Charles E. Archibald of the Montreal Canoe Club, who has come rapidly to the front within the past few years.

Mention should also be made of Lafayette W. Seavey and M.T. Bennett as prominent canoeists. The latter and his staunch cruising canoe, *Ghost*, have been familiar sights at nearly all the association meets.

Canoe Camp at Cheesequake Creek, New Jersey.





PHIL BOLGER & FRIENDS, INC
BOAT DESIGNERS
PO BOX 1209
GLOUCESTER, MA 01930
FAX 978-282-1348

This is the project that helped me in my dark times after Phil's death May 24, 2009. During our last "honeymoon trip" to the Washington, DC area in late April 2009, the project had been put on the table during a meeting in the shadow of the US Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland. Over a modest number of projects we had worked ourselves into a reasonably productive relationship with a division of NAVSEA (Naval Sea Systems Command), the planning and designing arm of the US Navy. By July 10 or so a letter arrived reiterating their interest in continuing the project, now under the guidance of me, Susanne Altenburger, the widow of Phil Bolger. It would be the first new design out of this office since Phil's decision to leave. And a lot was/is riding on it.

SACPAS-3 is sober Navy talk for Security Assistance Contingency Producing Affordable System Mk. 3; i.e., the third concept/prototype under this particular conceptual heading by USN.

What follows is a sequence of paragraphs pulled together from a variety of pieces I produced in preparation for this project and during it. It has been a fulltime plus type of commitment to see this project through. I know Phil would have liked the project as it has come together. It is very much in keeping with his philosophy of enabling folks to build boats, both in Gloucester and elsewhere far away.

From a 16-panel poster of June 2011, placed in public view onsite in Gloucester, describing in words and photos the project to the visiting public:

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"SACPAS-3" (LCP)

Design #681
 38'10"x7'6"x12" - 200hp
 (First in a Series of Articles)

Project Mission: Can this craft be built by non-boat builders to adequate quality? If so, the US Navy could take the construction manual and plans overseas to help poorer nations build their own inshore patrol craft.

Based on cooperation since 2002, Phil Bolger & Friends Inc of Gloucester were approached to design the craft and hands-on manage the prototyping project on the shop floor. Since the boat has to fit inside a 40' container, she measures 38'10"x7'6"x7'3", with 200hp. Her typical crew would be four, with eight additional troops to be deployable onto the beach over the bow gate.

Project Initiation and Funding: Initiated by the US. Navy with a modest budget in search of matching funds. Mayor Carolyn Kirk and Paul Diodati of the Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries responded. The City saw an opportunity to explore incubating a broadening of marine industrial economic development towards boat building, and the state will end up with the boat for its research programs out of Gloucester. But first

the Navy will test the craft to see whether it matches their expectations. And before that, we will have to finish her. Started in early March '11, the rush is on...

More details including edited extracts from the earlier Introduction to the Project as submitted to all funders:

Project Client: Division Director, Future Ship and Force Architecture Concepts Division, SEA 05D1, Naval Sea Systems Command Department of the Navy.

Project Partners: NAVSEA/NACT, Client and Funder; Phil Bolger & Friends, Design and Project Management; City of Gloucester, Funder towards Local Jobs Creation; Massachusetts Division of Marine Fisheries, Funder and Eventual Owner/Operator; Gloucester Maritime Heritage Center, Project Host, Boatyard.

Project Client's Focus (excerpted from a 7/7/09 letter to Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, Boat Designers (PB&F): "Global Fleet Station persistent Third World helping hand mission." This construction project is part of an investigation process by SEA 05D1 "to find a craft that would affordably support long term operations to develop indigenous security craft, sustainable by the host (and likely quite poor) country. We have been examining the idea of shipping the craft (or the materials, tools and equipment for a craft to be self-assembled) in a standard 40' ISO container.

A modest adaptation of the Monitor (Our Design #679, PB&F) (patrol mission outfitting) would examine the lowest cost end of this spectrum, with plywood hard chine construction, and examine the self-construction aspect."



SACPAS-3 forward from below.

SACPAS-3 forward from above.



46 - *Messing About in Boats*, August 2011



#679, *Robin Jean* underway.

SACPAS3 forward quarter.



Construction Basics

Hull materials: This hull to be built in an advanced composite method, using four materials for most of the work:

US sourced farm grown sustainable marine grade plywood as primary structural material.

Epoxy resin for bonding, reinforcing and surface sealing.

Fiberglass fabric and tape to coat and reinforce.

Closed cell extruded polystyrene foam bonded to the hull with epoxy as structural reinforcement and for sinking resistance. Plus glass and polycarbonates for glazing, paint, localized metal and plastics reinforcements.

Plywood/epoxy/foam/fiberglass construction is considered one reasonably rigorous approach to one-off hull construction. Wood is readily workable with common hand and power tools, while certain physical protection is necessary in the use of epoxy, and during sanding and painting.

Construction Method

Based on developments by PB&F over decades towards simplified hull shapes and thus construction approaches, the explicit interest by 05D1 the construction is largely based on the construction approach and manual developed for Design #679.

The approach is based on plans/design that typically offers most hull panels as pre-calculated patterns, to be transferred to plywood, cut out and surfaced to varying levels.

Assembly consists of construction, often to near final level of finish quality, of several dozens of these individual components, typically built on tables for superior ergonomics.

Beginning with the smallest components, a de facto "kit" is built, piece by piece, with each component stored in the order of retrieval for final assembly.

Once these small and full length largest pieces of the hull structure are defined and largely surface finished, the final assembly of the hull can commence, mostly right side up.

Beyond appropriately designed plans, the project does not require building of molds or other extensive upfront investment. A certain amount of regular lumberyard dimensional lumber will be used for assembly supporting structures such as component assembly tables, two gantries to lift full size hull-panels, sawhorses, braces, etc.

Construction location: The Boat Shop at the Gloucester Maritime Heritage Museum, Harbor Loop, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Apart from its appropriate location on a historic Inner Harbor working shipyard property, it is specifically laid out for safe public access to the job site. This allows limited open door public access to invite the public at large and Maritime Economy stakeholders alike to observe the process and progress of building this boat.

Five Points on Green Collar Job Creation

Sustainable hull material: The primary structural material will be domestically sourced farm grown sustainable marine grade plywood. Additions of moderate amounts of oil based chemicals such as epoxy resin and foam are a proven method of reinforcing the wooden structure, enhancing its commercial utility and safety while extending its durability. In comparison to solid or cored fiberglass construction common in industrial boat building nowadays, this approach significantly minimizes the role of fossil fuel based materials and thus this project's carbon footprint.

Long and lean per weight hull design: This project will produce a long/lean hull geometry (per weight) which follows established principles to achieve reduced operational energy consumption. Design #679 reached 27 knots with 115hp. Navy's tactical requirements on this larger hull will influence economies either way, but its lean geometry suggests comparable operational economies.

Immediate on-the-Job Hands-on Training

Under the guidance of the project manager and foreman, the plans underlying this project allow introduction to the assembly process of relatively uninitiated but motivated construction crew members, already familiar with the basics of power tool usage and a moderate amount of teamwork. The #679/Hubbard project demonstrated this already, under less than perfect conditions, with two non boat builders, one contractor and one fisherman familiar with tools and repair work successfully completing the 31'x7'8" *Robin Jean* (subsequently used for inshore and mild offshore fishing). GMHC's Boat Shop offers controlled climate, good lighting, full job site security, all for much more predictable progress per scheduled day.

To warm up the crew before beginning the actual project, a minor hull building project will be implemented to illustrate the principles involved in the main project.

Portable Skill Sets

Within the limitations of this one particular project, crew members will partake in the full construction sequence of this hull, starting with delivered raw materials and components. Not every step will be independently doable by each member but all will most likely engage in every step of the process. As touched upon earlier, it will include a range of necessary steps. The project will start out with doing the smallest components for least loss-potential due to initial novice error rate.

The construction process will involve adapting the shop layout to match the needs of this project; helping during the delivery of materials and components into the shop itself; building of assembly tables and other construction support sawhorses, braces, etc; the transfer of plans data to the structural material; cutting out these progressively larger hull and superstructure components and giving each some early surfacing; using support lumber to allow true, untwisted, unwarped assembly of full size topsides and bottom panels; use of gantries to safely handle these assemblies in preparation for and during final assembly; progressively integrating these pre-finished components into the growing hull assembly; keeping the emerging hull structure level and true as each component and its weight is added; installation of interior joiner work; surfacing, priming and painting as external and internal sections of the assembly are completed; installing glass/polycarbonate transparencies; integration of fuel tanks, steering system, basic low voltage hull electrics; installation of assorted deck hardware, ground tackle, basic electronics such as radio, utility and navigation lights; moving out of the shop space; launching of the completed project. Upon launching, all will experience the craft's characteristics on the water.

The on-the-jobsite hands-on experience for the construction crew will thus involve all aspects of building to this particular con-

struction method, with many skills applicable to other methods and projects as well.

Future Community Economic Development Prospects

Follow-on projects currently sought to be financed by other sources would seek to rehire some or all of this crew as the core that in turn helps train additional builders necessary for the construction of progressively larger hull projects. The eventual goal is to see multiple competing boat building ventures around the Inner Harbor catering to a market in growing need of addressing escalating fuel cost and mounting environmental concerns.

Much of this language was written in 2010. The project ramp up time allowed further development of the design. Phil and I had discussed various approaches:

Design #681 would come to be related to #679 Monitor and thus Design #650 Topaz, just somewhat longer and wider, with a deeper and longer vee nose sized to be routinely carried inside a 40' shipping container.

For multi day utility she features four seats, two bunks, a modest galley space, enclosed head and 200gals of fuel capacity.

For tactical utility she features a bow gate to allow deployment of troops onto the beach with less than 2' of step down (and return!) with the weight of gear/pack and arms (hence the LCP Landing Craft Personnel designation). On her stern, platforms alongside her outboard(s) allow access to the prop(s) and diving off the stern guard that protects the tilted-up outboard's lower unit both in the container and afloat.

Fully assembled, she can be shipped (inconspicuously) in the 40' container with just fuel, crew, weapons and personal gear to be added at the destination.

On the water, USN expects the type to do around 25 knots, a moderate goal in keeping with more plausible economics in construction, hardware, and operation. Her fuel capacity should allow useful endurance to catch up with any go fast adversaries. In challenging tactical conditions incoming projectiles can typically not be outrun by whatever horsepower. And continuing evolution of smaller drones and electro optics will allow peering over the horizon and around the corner to uplink and record for legal and diplomatic purposes activities of piracy, poaching of fisheries, dumping of waste, smuggling, etc. The logic is to have both good range and lower cost allowing multiple such types in closer deployment along the shore to have a tighter network of observation and law/sovereignty enforcement.

Once built by local labor, those folks would know how to repair, replace and then build other smaller and larger types to this construction approach. Instead of paying for law enforcement boat types completed in high wage countries, SACPAS-3 might help to save much money to go instead towards education, healthcare, environmental concerns. At least some will probably come to design their own as well.

In future installments, we'll track the process of construction with its ins and outs inherent in building a boat with non boat builders for this client. More gray hair indeed. Let's call it silver!



The birch bark as found in a shed in Cornwall.



Seeing daylight for the first time in decades.

The National Maritime Museum Cornwall and one of the oldest, and most influential, families in Cornwall, UK, are working together to conserve possibly the oldest birch bark canoe in existence. Estimated to be over 250 years old, the canoe has been stored on the Enys Estate near Penryn, housed in one of the Enys family's barns.

Laid to rest for a number of years, the canoe saw daylight for the first time in decades recently when it was moved from its shed to its new temporary resting place at National Maritime Museum Cornwall. The Museum's boat restoration and curatorial team lifted and transported this rare find to the Maritime Museum in Falmouth where she will be conserved, preserved and put on display to the public before being repatriated to Canada.

Andy Wyke, Boat Collections Manager at the Museum, says, "Moving the canoe is the beginning of a whole new journey back to Canada for this incredible find. For over 200 years the canoe has belonged to the Enys family, having been brought to Cornwall by Lt John Enys after his time fighting in the American War of Independence in 1776.

Lt Enys sailed from Falmouth in a packet ship to join his regiment in Canada to relieve the city of Quebec, which was under siege by the Americans. He fought many mil-

One of the World's Oldest Birch Bark Canoes

Discovered in Cornwall

From *Paddles Past*, Journal of the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association

itary campaigns and toured the area for his personal interests, discovering this canoe along the way. It's incredible to think its legacy has been resting in a barn in Cornwall all this time."

Wendy Fowler, a descendent of the Enys family, whose records date back to the 13th century, called the Maritime Museum to request they look at the canoe lying in the Estate's barn. She says, "The Estate is very special to us and holds many secrets but I believe this is the most interesting to date. The gardens reveal their stunning bluebells in May of every year and the grounds hold a host of wonders but this really is very special. The Maritime Museum is brilliantly ensuring and repatriating another element of our great family history and I'm most grateful that my great great great great great uncle's travels have led to the find. We knew we had

something special, but having worked with the British Museum on the artifacts and the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough, Ontario, we now believe that this is one of the world's oldest birch bark canoes. This is a unique survival from the 18th century."

Prior to her arrival at the Museum, the canoe was digitally recorded by the curatorial team and during the canoe's time at the Museum teams will be researching her history, conserving the remaining wood and preserving what's left as well as preparing her for the trip back home and representing what she might have looked like over 250 years ago. After September, the Native American canoe will be repatriated to Canada where the Canadian Canoe Museum will extend further research to see where the boat may have been built and by which tribe. Curators from the Canadian Museum are especially excited to receive this rare and unique part of their history, as rarely do they have live historic canoes of this far reaching history to help them reveal their own past.

The birch bark canoe is on display, with supporting artifacts, in the Main Hall of National Maritime Museum Cornwall until September 2011.

Editor's Note: This article and accompanying photographs are provided courtesy the National Maritime Museum.

It must be the rich blend of aromas that are released when the cover is first removed. Or perhaps it's the way the mahogany and paint come alive when lit by the sun. It could also be the way the curves of the sheer, the line of the bow and the lapstrake sides grab our eyes and move them along. The boat is almost in motion while sitting still and we never tire of just looking at it.

Our mind floods with the memories of boats we've known and the ones we played on as kids. Then we start making plans and looking forward to the next trip or the next improvement, imagining new upholstery or new varnish or a new bottom color. How fast would it go with a bigger engine? Who could we pull on water skis? Where could we go next weekend, what will be our next big adventure? And, of course, there's the super human effort required to bring it all about. The car turns into a "rig" with the boat and trailer behind.

We all make a big fuss over a wooden boat. We get nervous over making the trip and finding the ramp. There's a unique feeling we get when the boat lifts off the trailer for the first time and is suddenly afloat, and that is followed by a flush of excitement and relief when the engine roars into life. Idling along, the bow cuts the water into a graceful

Why We Love Our Lymans

By Howard Percival Johnson
Reprinted from *Boneyard Boats*



wave which trickles along the hull. With the throttle open, the rumbling sound of power muffled only by water, rpm and acceleration, breaking free, up on a plane. All the grind of life vanishes as we glide away from land. Suddenly everyone is so much more friendly, everything ahead is so beautiful. We are now able to take in all the miracle that is our Earth.

Every sense is filled with the ever changing scenes. The rolling motions, sweet air, vibrant colors, along with gorgeous varnished wood and gleaming white sides, enrich us to the core. Unexpected events and unusual demands make us momentary heroes. Time is forgotten for a while, but too soon comes the bittersweet return to land and thoughts of evening. Perhaps we enjoy a long sunset viewing onboard. Then we admire how great the boat looks tied up at the dock, the happy, bouncy way it rocks around as waves go by. What a great day it was, with the feeling of our new sunburn.

Every ride is unique and contains its own delights. Each is like a movie, all our own, one we take in with our eyes and play back later in our mind. Many of these movies stay with us all our lives, memories of a great day, the greatest day, never to be forgotten. Thoughts of where we went, what we shared with others, how great it was, all shape our lives and further enrich our love for our old Lymans.

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I have made a few forays out to the shop in the last couple of months but they were cut short by wind and cold. I have a 12' sliding door on the south side of the shop and, as I lounged there the other day, soaking up sunshine while sheltered from the wind, it came to me that I once again needed a solar shop. Much of my career in Colorado has been devoted to recovering plastic shops, or completely rebuilding them after a violent wind. That activity no longer appeals to me, not that I was ever fond of it.

In moments I had mentally designed a 20' slab with sockets to hold a modular framework supporting a plastic cover. It would have a double door at the distal end to admit boats directly from the yard. It would be erected in late October and struck around the first of May. I was overjoyed.

To start digging I had to move the Super Dink which had spent the winter huddled under a delicate green tarp. She needed a centerboard and a mast, just the sort of work my new addition would accommodate. In fact, it would include a 10" spar bench along one side. Which brings us, finally, to the subject at hand. The new mast would have to be hollow, a requirement ever since Robb White showed me his slick method for using tape to roll up a hollow spar. He was really into light spars and even had a hollow tiller on his little felucca.

Recently there has been a lot of talk, some rather technical, about birdsmouth spars. People say they are easy but I am dubious. However, I wonder if they are, even theoretically, stronger. If the glue contact is stronger than the wood, then for a given wall thickness the joint configuration shouldn't make any difference. Certainly the birdsmouth makes it easier to hold the staves together while gluing.

For those who may have missed it, I'll give a quick rundown of Robb's method. First decide on an outside diameter and then how many staves you want and how wide they must be. Falling back on high school geometry, figure the angle. Cut one stave 6'-8' long and whack it into the number of pieces you need. Lay them close together, outside up, and tape them together with masking tape. Roll them up to make sure you have the angle right.

When you are sure that you have the angle right, lock the saw tilt and cut the number of staves you need, plus some extra, depending on how many knots you have. Hold each stave up from one end and see if bends fair. Cut out any kinks and big knots and scarf at 8:1. Be careful to glue them back together straight.

If you want the mast to taper, grab your electric plane and eyeball a suitable amount off each one, being careful to preserve the angle. Take the staves to your spar bench, or a 12" plank on horses, and lay them side by side, outside up. Now tape them together, keeping in mind how the sample worked. Better too much tape than too little. If you get them too tight they may not roll up right. Now comes the "Ah" moment. Grab the outside stave, carefully lift the whole bunch and turn them over.

Time to think about blocking. If there are stays you will need blocking in way of the tangs. Blocking should not be square ended but should taper from the outside toward the middle so that it doesn't make a hard spot. Think about additional stiffening at the partners or for any cleats or fittings and a plug at foot and tip. When I made my NINA mast I was so keen to get on with it that I forgot all

Mast Musings

By Jim Thayer
Collbran, Colorado

about blocking at the partners. By way of a cure, I saturated a piece of carpet with polyester, rolled it up, and pushed it up the mast like wadding a cannon. Any wires, halliards?

If you have thought of everything, it's time to glue. This tends to get a little messy and it would be nice to have some help. Paint everything with epoxy neat and then go over the mating surfaces with slightly thickened stuff. Don't stint on the epoxy. Now roll it up and fasten. I had a bag of rubber strips left over from medical procedures and they were great. Mostly I use masking tape. Keep an eye on the hardening and get the tape off and scrape up the drips before it gets really hard. The heel of the mast often gets wet so I seal it by standing the mast in a cup of thickened epoxy. Somewhere in the Duckworks goldmine is a video showing Chuck building a mast. It's very informative, especially when he puts a carbon sock on it.

Time was when I used to push the mast up to vertical alongside the bow, check for innocent bystanders, gauge the wind, then jerk it up and drop it in the mast tube. Incidentally, but importantly, the mast must drop into a tube (Sched 80 pvc pipe). With a gap between step and partners you are asking for trouble. With time, help was welcome, but with another caveat. Help is often welcome, even indispensable, but it must be carefully managed. It is important to pause, have everyone's attention, and agree on a sequence of moves.

The day came when I cut into a large flotation compartment to make room for my oxygen tank. I found myself staring at the mast tube fully exposed. The proverbial light bulb lit up. The aft half of the tube was cut away and it became a simple matter for the decrepit captain to stick the heel in the foot of the tube,

run the mast up, and secure it with a board and a couple of rusty c-clamps. It is a one man job, although a helpful grandson is usually standing by to man the clamps. The clamps are so simple and handy that no more sophisticated system has ever been considered.

I'm keen to get on with the NOVA project which involves pulling the NINA hull out 3' to give an 18' cabin boat. That means that to continue using my push up system, the cabin will have to open up clear down the middle, like a Birdwatcher. Recently, in *WoodenBoat* #219, I noted a commentary by Mike O'Brien on Sam Devlin's Eider. Sam has added a tabernacle to handle the mast entirely above the deck. For an unstayed mast it has to be a pretty sturdy item, maybe even a little clunky. I was hot for the idea until I realized the mast would be pinned by the pivot and I couldn't use my reefing/furling system by rotating the mast.

The above problem led naturally to the idea of a sleeve mounted to a pivot. The mast would be locked in the sleeve by some sort of cam. The mast would be raised until vertical over the tube, the cam released, and the mast would slide right into the tube. Magnifique! Whoops, how does one get it out? The gorilla can just jerk it out with one go. Maybe guys of my ilk could get it with a shoulder harness, holding it with the cam while getting another hitch. Not really a satisfying solution, and an iffy moment at the top of the lift.

A mast swinging through the fore part of the boat, as on Dennis' Long Micro and other Bolgers, would work but doesn't appeal to me for this craft. An easily driven hull like the Sea Pearl can get by with light masts and a cat ketch rig, but I'm going to need more push. Of course, I can spring for a carbon mast and short circuit the whole problem.

Boat builders tend to be conservative so I expect I will stick with my push up system. Now I can start worrying about how to deal with the cabin top. I'm thinking hard covers with some sort of quick acting fasteners. Best hinge them on one side so they don't go adrift. Yesss, it's all coming together.

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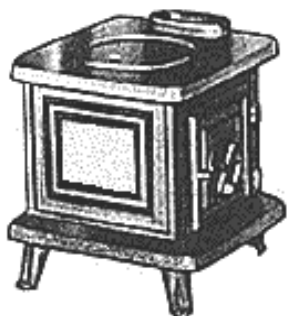
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At the end of April we have a number of activities along the Panhandle of the Gulf. One of these events is the Steven C. Smith Memorial Regatta at Shell Point that is held to raise money for the American Cancer Society. When possible, my wife and I are the race committee for the offshore sailboat races. This year my wife had to stay on shore and I went out with a couple from the yacht club, who had not been members of a race committee before but who agreed to help. Fortunately we had a very nice day with winds in the 10kt range, gentle seas and no major problems. Granted, one boat had the tiller break during the first leg of a race and had to be towed in, but once we had contacted another yacht club member out for a daysail and they went to rescue the disabled boat, the race committee was out of that picture.

With luck, the couple helping me will look back on the experience in a favorable light and agree to become a race committee for the yacht club. As I wrote about the subject in the March 15, 2007 issue, most sailing groups need people

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew
(Tallahassee, Florida)

to serve on the race committee and will be glad for offers to be such from non-racing sailors (or interested powerboat people). With a little training and going out once or twice with experienced race committee individuals, they can also "fly the flags."

It sometimes seems, like dock lines, that one can use a few more fenders when docking some place other than one's own dock. Since I did not see the final result I do not know what the completed project looked like, but a boat owner was trying to secure his boat off two pilings. He only had three fenders and was tying one to each piling vertically to protect the boat, with the third not being used. Another fender would have allowed him to use some lumber to create two fender boards to hang from his boat and allow for any fore aft movement as well as the vertical rise and fall of the tide.

I have a commercial fender board (I take on trips) and two fenders for general use. While I have spare docking line, I really should consider some spare fenders so I could make up a second fender board if needed. Another collection of going-on-a-trip gear is a couple of heavy pulleys, some chain, a couple of gallon milk jugs full of concrete (with a ring coming out of the top for the line) and spare line of the right diameter for the pulleys.

The fender board(s) are used when necessary to protect the boat from pilings, the pulley (or pulleys) are set up so a line goes from a cleat on the boat through the pulley (secured with the chain to something) and one of the concrete weights (leave the plastic on to protect things from the concrete (and the concrete from things). Regular docking lines are used to secure the boat and the weight/pulley arrangement is used to help hold the boat in place as the tide changes. Spring lines, adjusted for the tide range, hold

the boat fore and aft while the weight/pulley arrangement holds the boat in the platform/piling situation.

A problem with the concrete weight is that the eyebolt rusts after a while and is no longer usable. To make a new weight, I purchase an eyebolt with nut and large washer. Added to this is some wire mesh cut to fit inside the bottle. The nut and large washer hold the mesh in place and the mesh helps keep the bolt from coming out of the concrete. I pour some ready-mix concrete into the bottle and then add the mesh/bolt combination. I add concrete until the bottom of the mesh/bolt sets so that the eye protrudes above the top of the bottle. I then add the rest of the concrete.

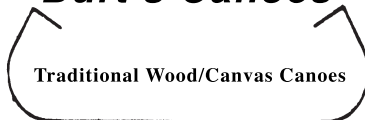
Given the humidity in our area and the size of most ready-mix concrete bags, I do a number of these weights at the same time, otherwise the unused concrete mix sets on its own in the garage. There is no need to use milk bottles as any 1gal (or so) container will do just fine for the purpose, but I have found that either round or square bottles set best in the boat when not in use. I also use these weights to hold temporary race marker floats when needed while acting as a race committee. Oh yes, the plastic bottle's top is cut out in a manner that allows the insertion of the concrete, mesh, etc, and still leave the handle convenient to grab when necessary.

Are your switches protected? By that, I mean that they will not be accidentally turned on or off? At one time I worked with a mechanical paper cutter. The power switch had a cover and to use the device we had to have both hands on separate push switches. This kept us from losing parts of our bodies when the machine was in operation. Like aircraft, boats have a number of switches (and other cutoffs) that keep things working. In an airplane, flipping the wrong switch accidentally can have immediate consequences.

The same is true on a boat, but the result usually does not create an immediate adrenaline rush. To start the Westerbeke Diesel engine on our boat, we have to hold down the glow plugs button for about 10 seconds and, while holding the glow plugs button down, push down the starter button. Both buttons require pressure to operate. An accidental bump of either button will not close the contacts. This may seem like extra work, but the arrangement ensures that neither will be activated accidentally. All the other switches are inside the cabin are the rocker arm operation type. I made the change to the rocker arm approach when I replaced the earlier switch/fuse assembly. With the previous system, I could switch something on while going into the cabin and brushing the toggle switch panel in passing. Now, it takes a definite action to turn something on or off.

One tries to shop locally. After all, the marinas and marine supply stores need the business. The problem comes when one goes out of the way and spends about an hour to find out that the facility does not have the desired item available. I had called ahead on one such trip to check and was told that what I wanted was available in the store part of the marina. I made the trip only to find out that what I wanted was not available and was locked away in the parts area, which was closed. I went on home and got on the web. I found a dealer in Pensacola and checked. They had what I needed and would ship the parts to me. For a \$5 shipping cost I had the parts in two days. Guess who gets my business in the future?

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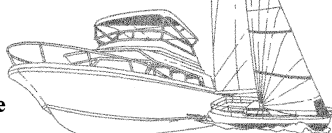


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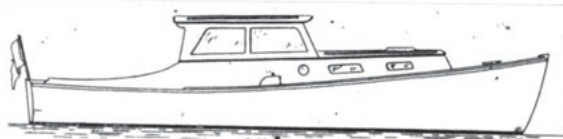
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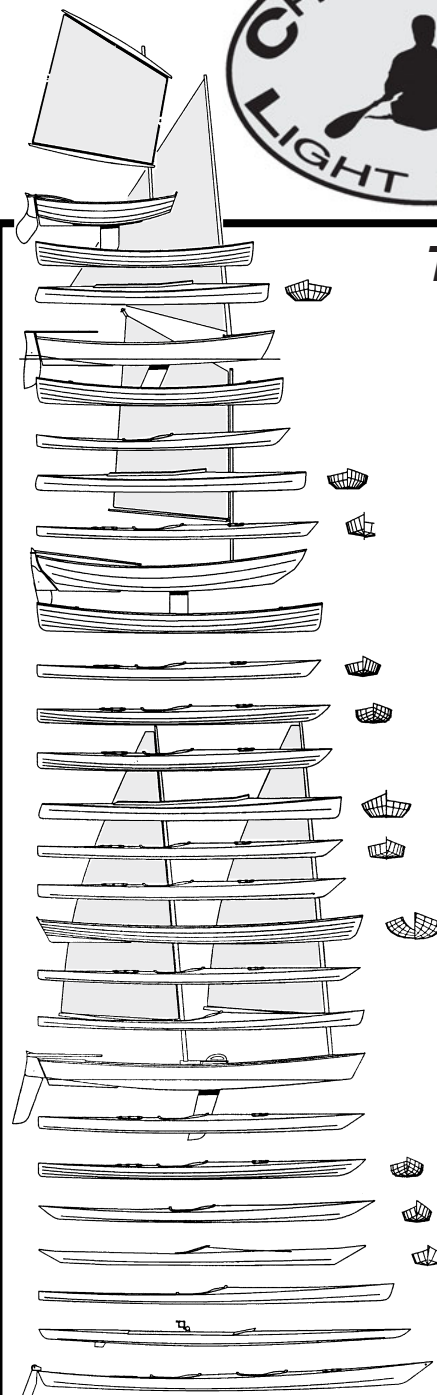
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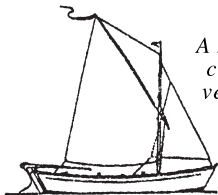
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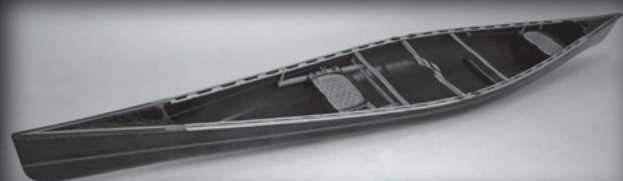
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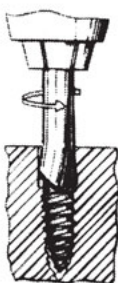
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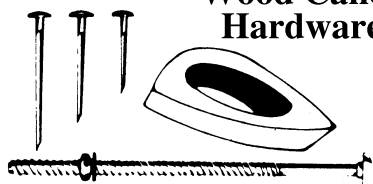
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Cassity Bromley is the Chief of Resources at the Bighorn Canyon National Recreation Area, which sits astride the border between Wyoming and Montana.

She writes, "Here are a couple of photos and I'll keep looking. I've had the boat out on Yellowstone Lake, but didn't get any photos-- these are from Bighorn Lake on the Montana Wyoming state line -- I use the boat to access one hunting area in the fall, and some day will send you a photo of her hauling an elk or deer for me, but so far just the pair of sheds. Going to try to go rowing down at Grand Teton this summer, and will send any good photos.

Cassity